

William Oliver
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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE week just closed is one of surpassing interest, and importance. It embraces not only the death of the most exalted personage but one in the realm, but exhibits formidable promonitory symptoms of a coming struggle between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race. The decease of Prince Albert has for the moment abstracted public attention from the American question. The result has been so sudden and unexpected, that the nation at the first intelligence almost reeled under the shock, which has been followed by commiseration with the Queen as an all-pervading sentiment. It was not till Friday week that the least suspicion was entertained of the Prince being in any danger. Prior to that date, the public, through the newspapers, were led to believe that the illness was only a slight one, brought about by exposure to cold, which would, in a person in the prime of life, soon pass away under ordinary medical care and attention. The bulletin of Saturday morning was the first published indication of the character of the insidious malady which had seized upon the Prince—gastric fever; and though more favourable reports were issued in the course of the day, the unfavourable symptoms which led to the first announcement soon returned with increased intensity, and by midnight all that remained of the husband of the Queen of England was an inanimate corpse. As might be expected, Her Majesty and family circle were plunged in the profoundest grief, and all-but overwhelmed with the great affliction which had fallen upon them. Nor has the nation been slow to manifest its sympathy with the Queen, the widow, and the mother in her sad bereavement; for wherever the news has penetrated, the calamity has called forth manifestations of the profoundest sorrow. We have, in another part of our paper, referred specially to the sad event in befitting terms.

An abstract of President Lincoln's Message will be found in our American news. The document is not so long as is usual in such State-prelections, and it is written with considerable force and ability, though, in some respects, not so clear as we could have liked. The President speaks very strongly of the ability, as well as the readiness, of the people to meet the extraordinary expenses of the war; and praises the loyalty which they have shown by enabling the Executive to organise an army larger than Congress authorized them to bring into the field. He recommends that the

country should be placed before the people in a more intelligible and accessible form, and that the Acts of Congress should be published in one or two volumes. He also proposes the formation of an agricultural and statistical bureau. With reference to the Border States, he expresses a strong conviction that Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are now decidedly ranged on the side of the Union. With respect to the conflict now raging, he thinks that the interests of the world would be better served by the unity of a great nation in North America than by a number of petty and contending Governments. The possibility of foreign complications is touched upon, and Congress is recommended to provide measures for the defence of the lakes and coasts. The privateering system is to be revived in a very modified and unexceptionable form—that is to say, Federal merchant vessels are to be authorised to recapture from Southern privateers the ships or cargoes which

they may have piratically seized. The reorganisation of the Supreme Court and the extension of the District of Columbia to its original boundaries are also recommended. The most important part of the Message has reference to the slavery question. The President recommends that the independence of the negro States of Hayti and Liberia be recognised. Further, that Congress provide for the emancipation of slaves by valuation, and that, if necessary, steps be taken for their emigration to some country the climate of which is favourable. Passing from this portion of the Message, we find the President takes a hopeful view of the present position of affairs in the Border States. He says:—"No armed insurrection is left north of the Potomac, or east of the Chesapeake. The Union is advancing steadily southwards." He concludes with a warning against the idea which some of the Secessionists have expressed in favour of the re-establishment of monarchy in the South.

Such in substance is the President's Message, which, strange to say, does not make the least allusion to the Trent affair. While he refers to the improper intervention with the Perthshire, a British merchantman, and promises compensation, the greater affair, upon which hangs the question of peace or war, is not alluded to at all. Some of our newspapers accept this as a favourable augury, though any hope founded on this is deadened by the fact that at least one of the Congressional Assemblies—the House of Representatives, has passed a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes.

There is still the possibility of a peaceful solution, though the situation is not so assuring as it seemed to be a few days ago. Owing to this and the death of the Prince Consort a general depression prevails in all business quarters. Apart from the two great events of the week there are no topics at home or abroad that need special notice. The only matter which may be further mentioned is the report that Parliament will meet in the second week in January for the transaction of business. Meanwhile the greatest preparations are making for war, should that be the result of our ultimatum to Washington. Already several ships with troops, arms, and ammunition have been dispatched to North America, and more are rapidly to follow. The Warrior, iron-plated frigate, is about ready for the sea, and the Black Prince is being rapidly completed. Both are to be armed with Armstrong guns of tremendous power. Orders have been sent out to distant stations to be ready for action, so that if war comes upon us there will at least have been ample preparation for the emergency.



HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT. PORTRAIT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY MAYER.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

PARIS, DEC. 16.—The *Presse* of this evening publishes a dispatch from New York asserting that the Senate and the House of Representatives had unanimously decided that the arrest of the Southern Commissioners was lawful, and had declared that they would grant no satisfaction to England.

The *Patrie* corrects its statement of Saturday last regarding a second note to Lord Lyons. It admits that the note sent by the English Government is an ultimatum, and asserts that, in the event of satisfaction being refused, Lord Lyons will leave America after allowing the Federal Government a delay of three days to reconsider its decision.

ITALY.

AN APPEAL TO THE KING OF ITALY.—ILLNESS OF MAZZINI.—The *Italia Grande* of Genoa publishes, with the signature of its editors, the following appeal to King Victor Emanuel:—"An Italian of great intelligence, and devoted to the great common country, the exiled Giuseppe Mazzini, is now gravely ill at London. In order not to die under the cloudy sky of England, he requires one thing which the royal prerogative can alone grant, an amnesty, not a simple pardon. The King of Italy has a large and generous heart. He cannot be willing to allow the man to die out of Italy, to whom belongs the initiative of the great idea of unity, the martyr of independence and of liberty. Let your Majesty therefore exercise your right of grace by according to the exile, without conditions of any kind, the amnesty required."

Borges, the reactionary leader who came from Spain to head the brigands of Southern Italy, appears really to have met his end. The *Pungolo* of Naples states that before he died he declared that he had been deceived by the Legitimist Committee in Paris, and that no elements whatever existed in Southern Italy out of which to form a revolution against the Italian Government. He declared that the only force which could be gathered together was that of robbers and assassins, hired by gold; and seemed to intimate that Francis II. had been deceived as well as himself. He met his fate, it is stated, with courage and composure. His correspondence and a journal of his operations have been seized.

The complaint made by Dr. Bertani against the Italian Government, for alleged malpractices with regard to political letters, has been heard by a committee of the Chamber. The committee has presented a report, which, so far as we can judge from a somewhat vague telegram, sustains to a certain extent the charge made by Bertani. At least it appears to admit that under certain circumstances some letters were consigned by certain postal agents to political authorities—which means, we suppose, that the letters of prominent individuals were occasionally intercepted, and forwarded to some police department. But the committee expresses a conviction that such proceedings took place without the knowledge of the Ministerial chiefs. Of course, no one supposes that Count Cavour or Baron Ricasoli ever intercepted anybody's letters; but Ministerial chiefs are, perhaps, not always sufficiently earnest in punishing such acts on the part of Ministerial followers, and in proving that they will not tolerate such odious officiousness and lawless surveillance.

TURIN, Dec. 16.—The *Momento* of to-day publishes a letter addressed by Garibaldi to the Genoa committee, which says:—

"We are near the final solution of the national question.

"Notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in our way by enemies, by false friends, and by the timid, whereby our progress has been arrested, we must go on to the end.

"The rivalry of individuals must cease. We must leave it to history to pass judgment on our task.

"Let us be still more closely united around the flag of our *Re galantuomo*. Let us mutually and solemnly agree to meet on the last battle field at the side of our brave army, which will still find companions worthy of its brotherly co-operation. All is a token of victory."

Garibaldi concludes by calling upon the committee of the Provedimento Society to lend their active co-operation.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—The Paris papers publish the following from Naples:—

"The director of the Observatory at Naples has issued another report on the eruption of Vesuvius. This report states that on the 10th inst. the eruption was rapidly diminishing in force, and appeared to be ceasing. At the lower crater it only manifested itself by slight puffs of smoke. The principal crater cast forth ashes and globules of smoke.

"On the night of the 12th inst. the Sismograph indicated two very slight shocks of earthquake, lasting two minutes, but since then there has been no disturbance.

"The mephitic exhalations which issued from the mountain at the closer of former eruptions have been very prevalent on this occasion, especially at Torre del Greco, and have extended to the sea shore.

"About twenty houses have fallen near Torre del Greco, which is not yet out of danger."

PRUSSIA.

An article in a semi-official Copenhagen paper announces that Prussia has declined the proposition of the Danish Government for the settlement of the Holstein question, on the ground that the Estates of Holstein have already rejected the proposals. We are likely, therefore, to have this agreeable and promising international question added to the various complications in prospect for the coming year. It is also reported that the King of Prussia is much annoyed at the liberal turn which the recent election has taken. Scarcely any of the old Bureaucrats have been returned.

BERLIN, Dec. 16.—The news of the death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort has awakened the greatest sympathy among all classes of the Prussian people, and has plunged the Royal family into the deepest mourning.

On receipt of the sad intelligence, the King and Queen paid a visit of condolence to the Crown Princess.

The King also sent his aide-de-camp to Lord Loftus to express his sympathy for the Royal family of England.

The Prussian Court will go into mourning for four weeks.

It is rumoured that the Crown Prince will proceed to Windsor on Wednesday next in order to attend the funeral of the Prince Consort.

The Crown Princess. It is said will be compelled to renounce

her intention of accompanying the Crown Prince, on account of the state of her health.

HERZEGOVINA.

RAGUSA, Dec. 16.—Hostilities have entirely ceased in the Herzegovina.

The Turkish troops who were posted at Piva have been distributed among the towns of Gatzko, Lejabinic, Stolz, and Mostar. The irregular troops have been disbanded.

INDIA AND CHINA.

According to the last advices from India the Governor-General was at Allahabad, where he had invested some of the native chiefs with the Star of India. The north-West Provinces are being visited with an inundation. The news is otherwise unimportant. In Japan affairs remain in a very unsatisfactory state, but no new difficulty has arisen. The Chinese Government are exhibiting fresh indications of a desire to maintain friendly relations with this country. They have withdrawn several trading regulations which interfered with the satisfactory working of the treaty. At Chefoo the rebels had murdered two American missionaries named Parker and Holmes. The former of these gentlemen had, we are informed, been a wealthy slaveholder, but liberated all his slaves, and thenceforth devoted himself to the work of converting the heathen to Christianity.

AUSTRALIA.

The intelligence from Australia is devoid of political interest. Sir Henry Barkly was at the gold diggings. A motion for the suspension of Mr. Justice Boothby had been passed by the South Australian Legislature. The *ferre* occasioned by the discovery of gold in New Zealand has been followed by a reaction, thousands having been disappointed of the wealth with which they allowed their imaginations to be cheated.

AMERICA.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE TO THE FEDERAL CONGRESS.

The following is a summary of the Message delivered at Washington on the 4th, by President Lincoln to the Federal Congress:—It was brought by the Asia which reached Queens-town on Saturday last.

"The disloyal citizens who offered the ruin of their country in return for foreign aid have received less encouragement than they expected. If no higher principles actuate foreign nations than the restoration of commerce, and especially the acquisition of cotton, they could reach their aim more easily by aiding to crush the rebellion than by encouraging it. Foreign nations must perceive that one strong nation produces more durable peace and more extensive commerce than the same nation broken into hostile factions."

President Lincoln states that he will not review the discussion with the foreign States, because, whatever might be their wishes or disposition, the integrity of the country and the stability of the Government depend not upon them but upon the loyalty and patriotism of the American people.

The foreign correspondence submitted to Congress will show that the Government has practised prudence and liberality towards foreign nations, averting the causes of irritation, but maintaining with firmness the rights and honour of the country.

Since it is, however, apparent that foreign dangers necessarily attend domestic difficulties, Congress is urged to adopt ample measures for the coast, lake, and river defences, and it would be important for the national preservation to erect fortifications and depots of arms, and to make harbour and navigation improvements at well selected points.

The Message recommends an appropriation to satisfy the legal demands of the owners of the British ship *Pothshire*, detained under a misapprehension by the United States' steamer *Massachusetts*.

It also recommends that authority be given to the commanders of sailing vessels to recapture United States' vessels or cargoes taken by pirates, and that the Consular Courts in Eastern countries should adjudicate the cases, but only with the permission of the local authorities.

The President cannot see any reason for further withholding the recognition of the independence of Hayti and Liberia. He urges upon Congress the reconstruction of the Supreme Courts, and the adoption of a system for the recovery of debts by Northern men in districts where, through the insurrection, the civil tribunals are suppressed.

He suggests the restoration of the original boundaries of the District of Columbia including that portion on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and continues:—

"The efforts of the Government to suppress the slave trade have been unusually successful.

"Under the Confiscation Act the legal claims of certain persons to slaves are forfeited, and numbers thus liberated are dependent upon the Federal Government, and must be protected; for it is possible that some States will pass similar enactments, by which persons of this class will be thrown upon them for disposal.

"I would recommend Congress to provide for accepting slaves from such States according to some mode of valuation, so that the slaves, on acceptance by the Federal Government, would be at once deemed free. Steps might then be taken for colonising such slaves in a climate congenial to them.

"The free coloured people in America might also be included in such colonisation.

"The plan of colonisation may involve an acquisition of territory, and the appropriation of a sum of money beyond the sum expended for the territorial acquisition."

President Lincoln reviews the course of the Government since its inauguration, and says:—

"The progress of events is plainly in the right direction. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, who refused to supply troops, now have 40,000 men in the field.

"No armed insurrection is left north of the Potomac or east of the Chesapeake. The Union is advancing steadily southwards.

"The present insurrection is a war upon the first principles of popular government and the right of the people. The insurgents even hint at monarchy."

The President states that in the present position he would scarcely be justified in omitting to raise a warning voice against the approach of returning despotism, but denounces the effort to place capital upon an equal footing with labour in the structure of the Government.

"The struggle of to-day is not altogether of to-day, but is also for a vast future."

President Lincoln's Message makes no allusion whatever to the Trent affair.

The *New York Herald* of the 4th inst. says that the President's Message forms a good chart of sailing directions for Congress, and that by it both Houses can scarcely go astray. The *Tribune* praises President Lincoln for the moderation shown in his Message.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The Federal Congress has passed a vote of thanks to Commander Wilkes.

The *New York papers* say little or nothing respecting the Trent affair or the relations between England and America.

It is reported that the planters along the Southern sea-coast are burning all the cotton.

The seat of the Confederate Government has not, as was stated, been removed from Richmond.

A large Federal expedition will shortly sail with stores, to be sunk at the entrance of Charleston and Savannah harbours, in order to effectually blockade them.

Accompanying the President's Message have been issued the reports of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, both of which are to hand. The report of the Secretary of War opens with a statement of the strength of the army, from which it appears that 77,775 men have enlisted for the three months' service. These have, of course been discharged, and in their stead we have a force of 640,000 volunteers engaged for three years, or for the war. Add to these the estimated strength of the regular army, including the new enlistments under the Act of Congress of July 29, which are supposed to have reached 203,334, and we have an aggregate of 660,970 men in arms for the Union. New York leads the van as regards the number of volunteers in service, for she has sent in the field 100,200; Pennsylvania follows, with 94,760; Illinois comes next, with her 80,000; and Indiana fourth, with 57,332. Kentucky has raised 15,000 men; Virginia, 12,000; Maryland, 7,000; and Delaware, 2,000. All these you will, of course, recognise as slave States.

The several arms of the service are estimated as follows:—

| | Volunteers. | Regulars. | Aggregate. |
|--------------------------|-------------|-----------|------------|
| Infantry | 557,208 | 11,175 | 568,383 |
| Cavalry | 51,661 | 4,714 | 56,375 |
| Artillery | 20,380 | 4,308 | 24,688 |
| Rifles and Sharpshooters | 8,395 | — | 8,395 |
| Engineers | — | 107 | 107 |
| | 640,637 | 20,334 | 660,971 |

"The estimates for the department," Mr. Cameron says, "he has based upon the supposition that the force in the field shall not exceed half a million."

Tabular statistics furnished by the report of the Secretary of the Navy show that from 42 vessels carrying 555 guns and 7,600 men, the navy has increased, since the 4th of March last, to 264 vessels, whose total tonnage is 218,016, carrying 2,557 guns, and nearly 22,000 men. 36 side-wheel steamers of 23,680 tons, and carrying 166 guns; 43 screw steamers of 20,173 tons, and carrying 175 guns; 13 ships, carrying 52 guns; 21 schooners, carrying 49 guns; and 18 bows, carrying 78 guns, with 2 brigs, carrying 4 guns, have been purchased; while 14 screw sloops, averaging 1,200 tons, and 7 guns each; 23 gunboats, averaging 57 tons, and 4 guns; 12 side-wheel steamers, averaging 700 tons and 4 guns; and 6 iron-clad steamers, averaging 1,500 tons, and 6 guns, are either completed or rapidly progressing. These iron-clad vessels, it seems, are building under the supervision of a board of practical men; while a second board has been appointed to examine the floating battery to determine upon the expediency of pushing forward its completion.

Home News.

Lord Palmerston has been suffering from gout during the past week, but on Saturday was reported much better.

Dr. Ballantyne, late principal of the Sanscrit College Benares, has been appointed Professor of Sanscrit in King's College, London.

Parliament, which stands prorogued to Tuesday, the 17th of December, has been further prorogued to Tuesday, the 7th day of January next.

At the Lincoln Assizes, last week, Mr. Tooms, late superintendent of the Lincolnshire constabulary, at Epworth, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forgery.

The Belfast *Northern Whig* gives a very gloomy account of the effect of the American war upon the linen trade of Ulster. It is asserted, upon good authority, that the Irish militia artillery are to be at once re-embodied. Should the probability of a war with America continue, other regiments of this important force will also be called out.

Mrs. Wastnidge, the victim of the late outrage at Sheffield, is now rapidly recovering. The change in her appearance during the last few days is remarkable—of course, for the better.

A labouring man, named Reed, is lying in a dangerous state at Polstead, near Hatfield, Suffolk, having been shot in the back and right arm by some ruffian as he was returning home at night from work.

The members of the Royal Western Yacht club at Plymouth gave an entertainment on Thursday to Commander Williams, mail agent of the Trent, in honour of his gallant conduct at the San Jacinto affair.

William Atkinson, the prisoner who was awaiting his trial for the murder of his brother, near Walbottle, died in Morpeth Gaol a few days ago, of pulmonary consumption.

A young lady of Cambridge has sent the Prince of Wales a pair of screens, painted on cotton velvet, by her own fair hands, but which were returned, "with thanks," to the fair artist's discomfiture.—*Cambridge Independent*.

On Tuesday, a fire broke out in a mill at Londonderry, during which a number of persons were buried in the ruins. Four were excavated alive, badly wounded. One labourer was killed.

Mr. Guinness, of Dublin, is proceeding in the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Caen stone, or Rath stone, having failed in previous external restorations, is used only in the interior works.

FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.—In these days of inflammable ladies we shall, perhaps, render good service by giving publicity to the discovery recently made by a French chemist, that muslin, lace, and all descriptions of light stuffs may be rendered fire-proof by steeping them in starch mixed with half its weight of carbamate of lime, or, as it is commonly called, Spanish chalk.

EAST INDIA COMPANY.—The quarterly meeting of the East India proprietors was held on Monday. The business was of a purely formal character, but considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by some members of the court at the treatment of the Company by the Government.

THE GREAT LUNACY CASE.—Sir H. Cairns appeared on Wednesday on behalf of young Mr. Windham, and applied to the Court of Chancery for an order to enable him to raise £2,000 by mortgage of his estates, to enable him to defend himself against the proceedings in lunacy which have been commenced against him by some of his relatives. The order was made.

MR. HORSMAN AT STROUD.—Mr. Horsman addressed his constituents at Stroud on Wednesday. He delivered a long speech, in which, after alluding in the most contemptuous terms to the question of Parliamentary Reform, he gave his views upon the war in America and the affairs of the Trent. He endorsed Earl Russell's opinion, that the war was being waged by the North for empire, and by the South for independence. Mr. Horsman touched very briefly upon the new difficulty with America.

DINNER AT HORSHAM.—An agricultural dinner at Horsham on Wednesday was attended by several members of Parliament. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, who presided, made the American question the topic of his speech, and declared that the Conservative party would give Government an "unhesitating and unflinching support." Colonel Bartolot, M.P., and Mr. Tave, M.P., also gave expression to their opinions on the same subject; the latter taking a secession view of the war in America.

WAR RISKS FOR SHIPPING.—At the Jamaica Coffee-house on Wednesday, an association of shipowners was formed, for the purpose of insuring British ships against war risks. There was a very influential attendance of persons interested in the object.

ARMING OF MERCHANT VESSELS.—In consequence of the uncertainty which exists as to a war with America, the merchant vessels belonging to Messrs. Wigram, Green, Somes, and other large firms, are about to be armed with guns on the upper deck, and in some cases rifled ordnance will be used in order to be prepared for privateers, should a war take place during the voyage.

FORTUNATE MINERS.—Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and some friends, about three years ago, purchased the Dylife mines for the sum of £24,000, and they were bound also to lay out £10,000 in explorations. The late returns have been upwards of 200 tons of lead ore per month, which it is believed yields a profit of about £1,000 per month, and they expect now to return upwards of 250 tons per month.

ELECTION OF AN ALDERMAN.—On Friday week, a wardmote was held at Shaftesbury-hall, Aldersgate, City, under the presidency of the lord mayor, for the purpose of electing an alderman for the ward of Aldersgate, to supply the vacancy created by the decease of Sir Peter Laurie. Mr. Norris, M.P., proposed Mr. Robert Besley, the well-known type-founder. Mr. W. C. Fowler seconded the nomination, and there being no opposition Mr. Besley was declared duly elected.

PAUPERISM.—The returns made to the Poor-law board show that the increase of pauperism goes on, though to a much less extent than might have been expected. At the close of September it was 5.56 per cent. over the corresponding period of 1860. At the close of October it had reached 5.93 per cent. The chief change in October was in the north-western district—Lancashire and Cheshire, which are remarkable in ordinary times for the small number of their paupers. At the end of September last they were 5.58 per cent. more than at the same time in 1860, but at the end of October they had increased so greatly as to be 10.38 per cent. more than at the end of September, 1860; but still these two counties, with—as compared for instance, with the south-western or the south-eastern district of England—a population of three to every two persons in either of those districts, have much fewer paupers than any.

BIRD SHOW.—The bird show which has just been held in Southampton is the largest ever known in England. Every British Bird, excepting the cuckoo, was exhibited. Upwards of 2,000 living birds were shown. Stuffed specimens of the same, including hybrid fowls, and a hybrid duck and turkey, were in the exhibition.

THE FINANCIAL ELECTION.—The nomination of the candidates for the seat vacated by the decease of the late Mr. T. S. Ansell, the late representative of the borough of Finsbury, took place on Saturday, on Clerkenwell-green. The proceedings did not seem to attract much attention. Mr. William Cox was the first candidate to make his appearance on the hustings, and was loudly cheered by his supporters. Mr. Remington Mills was also well received. The Queen's writ having been read, Mr. Bartlett proposed, and Mr. Wilkins seconded, the nomination of Mr. William Cox, the old and tried friend of the people in general, and of the electors of Finsbury in particular. Mr. S. Morley proposed, and Mr. H. Spicer seconded, the nomination of Mr. Remington Mills. Mr. Cox then addressed the electors, and reminded them how faithfully he had fulfilled his pledges to the constituency while he remained their representative. Mr. Mills also addressed them. His politics were, he said, identical with those of Mr. Cox in regard to the franchise, the ballot, and church-rates. He would not, however, open the British Museum on Sundays or support a Maine Liquor Law. The show of hands was in favour of Mr. Cox by an overwhelming majority. A poll was demanded by Mr. Mills, to open at eight o'clock a.m., and close at four p.m., on Monday. The poll closed on Monday at 4 o'clock, when Mr. Cox was reported to be a head of Mr. Mills by a small majority. The declaration of the poll was made on Tuesday at noon, by Mr. W. B. James, returning officer, from the hustings on Clerkenwell-green. The poll was declared as follows:—

William Cox, Esq. ... 4,884
John Remington Mills, Esq. ... 4,812

Majority for William Cox, Esq. ... 42

THE CHRISTMAS CATTLE MARKET.—Next in succession and importance to the exhibition of stock at the Prize Cattle Show is the display at the Christmas Cattle Market. In reference to the production of beef the show of beasts was calculated rather to moderate than to increase those anticipations which visit to Baker-street must have excited. In point of numbers we had the largest on record; but it was the general opinion that there was not the weight of meat which has been shown on previous occasions; nor was the pick quite as even

as on some of the great days in preceding years. Altogether, the show was by no means disparaging, and if not the best that has been seen, it must be pronounced as by no means an unsatisfactory one. The Devons were, perhaps, the most conspicuous for the force in which they mustered, and they comprised many very beautiful animals; but we missed that regularity in the selection, as a whole, which has been so striking on prior exhibitions. The Herefords maintained their position well as regards condition and form; a very large proportion of them was of a most saleable character, and described as all that a butcher could wish. The short-horns and crossed oxen made an extensive show, and held their own well by their massive structures of good sold meat. Of Scots, either horned or polled, the gathering was not so numerous, but there were some as fine specimens among them as were ever seen, and they were pronounced to be as near perfect as possible to the eye or to the touch. The entire collection numbered 8,040 head, of which 700 were from Scotland, 3,300 from Cambridgeshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire; 2,735 from other parts of England; 700 from Scotland, and the remaining 1,305 from Ireland and abroad. The show of sheep, besides being the largest as to numbers, was decidedly better than that of 1860, and fully as good as any on record. The total number offered was 26,300.

ELOPEMENT WITH A VALET.—A rich heiress—of fascinating manners, and about the age of nineteen—has just eloped with the valet of a friend, at whose house she has recently been paying a visit. The lady and her friends are well known in the county of Monmouth, from the high position they occupy, and are held in the highest estimation. The fashionable city of Bath was the place where the two lovers first met, and the fair lady soon acquainted the object of her affections of her intense regards by writing him a letter, in which she fondly said, that "if he could reciprocate her love she would be in a position to enable them to live in a sweet communion, independent of the whole world." The reply of the fortunate valet was to the effect "that he confessed he had, before the receipt of her letter, formed an equal attachment for her, as she had been pleased to form towards him, but that in his menial situation, he feared to acquaint her with the circumstance." Soon after they managed to meet at a quiet little village in Gloucester, where, after a short sojourn, they were united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and at once took their departure from the picturesque village to spend the honeymoon. The young lady, on attaining the age of twenty-one, will come into possession of £700 per annum, left her by the will of her uncle. This is almost a case "Love at first sight," and we trust that neither the lady nor the more fortunate object of her choice will ever have occasion to regret the step they have taken.

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR EDWARD BOWATER, K.C.B.—The colonelcy of the 49th Foot has become vacant by the demise of the above gallant general, intelligence of whose death was received at Buckingham Palace yesterday morning by telegraph. Sir Edward died at Cannes at six o'clock on Saturday evening.

EXPORTS TO THE UNITED STATES.—The subjoined table shows the values of the principal articles, the produce and manufacture of the United Kingdom, exported to the United States during the ten months of the present year, in comparison with the same period of 1860, with the amount of decrease on each article in 1861, and which, on the whole, gives an aggregate of £8,671,176:—

| | Ten months. 1860. | Ten months. 1861. | Decrease in 1861. |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Beer and ale | £83,177 | £27,441 | £55,736 |
| Cottons | 2,997,740 | 1,180,172 | 1,817,568 |
| Earthenware and porcelain | 563,729 | 204,322 | 359,407 |
| Haberdashery and millinery | 1,134,471 | 566,589 | 567,882 |
| Hardware and cutlery | 848,339 | 530,489 | 317,850 |
| Linens | 1,479,949 | 556,800 | 923,149 |
| Metals—viz., iron and steel | 2,489,718 | 815,845 | 1,673,873 |
| „ Copper | 47,881 | 11,185 | 36,696 |
| „ Lead | 76,160 | 1,451 | 74,709 |
| „ Tin | 892,714 | 313,507 | 579,207 |
| Oil, Seed | 73,639 | 1,690 | 72,009 |
| Salt | 91,901 | 70,138 | 21,763 |
| Silk Manufactures | 204,467 | 113,719 | 90,748 |
| Soda | 437,913 | 158,268 | 279,645 |
| Spirits, British | 59,723 | 15,007 | 44,716 |
| Woolens | 3,226,255 | 1,473,021 | 1,753,234 |
| Total | £14,710,811 | £6,039,635 | £8,671,176 |

Reviewing the whole of the exports to the United States for 1861, only one item is found in which an increase appears—coals and culm being set down as £223,214, against £174,988 in the year 1860.

AN EXTRAORDINARY REMONSTRANCE.—Mr. Henry Fletcher, well known in Manchester, recently addressed to the Duke of Newcastle a letter, in which he suggested to the Colonial Secretary that, "as it would be cheaper to deal with European Governments than to fight America, it was desirable to arrange for the colonization of Southern Europe, where fuel and clothing are not such gaunt necessities as here, and the fearfully severe winters which give such concern here do not exist." The following is the reply received by Mr. Fletcher:—"Colonial office, 11th December, 1861. Sir.—The Duke of Newcastle has received your letter of the 8th instant, in which you contemplate that the American difficulty is likely to lead to a complete break-up of the cotton manufacture for some time, and suggest that the factory hands should be removed to the south of Europe or Asia. I am directed by his grace to inform you in reply that he could be no party to any such removal of the population of the manufacturing districts as you suggest, and could not encourage any wholesale emigration of British workmen even to the established colonies of the empire. His grace hopes that the distress which you consider likely to ensue in the event of a war with the United States of America will not be so great as you appear to contemplate; at all events he feels confident that such an emigration as you propose would prove a very inadequate remedy.—I am, your obedient servant, G. D. ENGLEHART. Henry Fletcher, Esq."

SCARLET FEVER.—This disease is said to be now exceedingly fatal in some portions of the metropolis, and that its morbid power exerts its influence principally on the vital fluid; on all occasions when investigated it is found that the blood is altered in its condition, being its red globules, becoming, in fact, a serous white fluid, so any longer of sustaining

life. Acting on the suggestion of Dr. Stevens, Dr. Turly, of Worcester, administered Lamplough's Pyretic Saline with marked success; the result of his experience is given in the following words:—"I administered Lamplough's Saline Effervescent extensively in my practice, and gave it also to my daughter, whilst suffering from one of the worst forms of Scarlet fever; had you seen the avidity with which it was taken you would never have forgotten it; it was the only remedy I administered. Her recovery was perfect, leaving no trace of Morbid Blood."

THE NATION'S SORROW.

A cloud has come upon this land of ours.
A cloud of unexampled pain;
And yet we feel, through all the storm that lowers,
"A nation's sorrow is a nation's gain."
Now that the arm of manhood is laid low,
What can the weeping womanhood sustain?
This truth, which in our inmost hearts we know—
"A nation's sorrow is a nation's gain."
Life is the trial of the good; but death
Is still the analyst of heart and brain;
And great men murmur with their latest breath,
"A nation's sorrow is a nation's gain."
Each good he did, each evil he put by,
In life, was by itself a single grain.
But in his life's grand total we descry
"A nation's sorrow is a nation's gain."
In life, a Prince—in death, a simple man—
The story of his life to all grows plain;
And as the greatness of his days we scan,
"A nation's grief becomes a nation's gain."
'Tis somewhat to be taught that we with pride
Can sometimes fail to make men false or vain,
And when by death this truth is sanctified—
"A nation's sorrow is a nation's gain."

JOHN STEBBING.

WAR PREPARATIONS.

GUNS FOR NOVA SCOTIA.—Among the preparations for the American campaign we may note that two batteries of 40-pounder Armstrong guns of position, or travelling carriages, are being prepared with all dispatch, and ten 100-pounder Armstrongs are also told off for arming the long sea battery at Halifax. Extensive orders also reached the carriage department of the Royal Arsenal early in the week for transport wagons, ambulances, sleighs, and carriages, the latter capable of carrying two men each. For the Horse Artillery, which, though countermanded at present, will, in the event of hostilities, proceed as soon as it is safe to transport horses across the Atlantic, the new light field 9-pounder Armstrong gun, weight 6 cwt., is being prepared, in substitution of the heavier field-battery gun of 8½ cwt.; which change will enable the Horse Artillery the better to keep pace with the rapid evolutions of cavalry, and get over rougher and more difficult ground.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

EMBARKATION AND DISPATCH OF TROOPS TO CANADA.—The greatest activity prevails at Liverpool in the embarkation, the officials at the Admiralty-office are kept exceedingly busy, and the streets of the usually peaceful port are alive with troops of various branches of the service, and the transmission of guns and war material. On Friday, at 6.40 p.m., the Cunard Royal Mail screw-steamer Australasian steamed out of the Mersey, her destination being the mouth of the St. Lawrence, with orders to steam up to the island of Bic or the Riviere du Loup, and land the troops and stores at whichever point is accessible. Should the prevalence of ice prevent either point being reached, the vessel will make for Halifax, Nova Scotia, or St. John, New Brunswick, according to the judgment of the authorities out there. Notwithstanding that the westerly winds have set in on the Atlantic, it is expected that the Australasian, being a very powerful steamer, will be able to reach the St. Lawrence by the 24th inst. The Australasian has on board forty-seven officers and 1,085 troops, namely: Of the 4th Brigade Royal Artillery—Captains Leslie and Toner; Lieutenants Walsh, Walmond, and Stelson; Assistant-surgeon Harrison; Veterinary-surgeon Luny; and 254 non-commissioned officers and privates. Of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade—Colonel Lord D. Russell; Major-Generals Buller, Hon. J. Stewart, and A. J. Nixon; Captains Lord E. Clinton, Cunningham, Kingscott, Glynn, Fryer, Whaley, Playne, Banbury and Glade; Lieutenants Blundell, Hon. A. Pennington, Allayne, Buller, Scrimger, Parr, Palmer, Grant, Lord E. Cavendish, Curry, Hon. F. Somerville and Paton; Esquires Lord A. Cecil, Hardie, Smith, Lascelles, Arbuthnot, Cope, Walpole, Tuftell, and Montgomery; Adjutant Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, Surgeon-Major R. Berner, Assistant-Surgeons Williams and Kennedy, Paymaster Laye, Quartermaster Higgins, and 831 non-commissioned officers and privates. The Australasian has also taken four men of the Army Hospital Train, two horses, six Armstrong field-guns, nine tons of ammunition for the ordnance, 600,000 rounds of Enfield ball cartridge, &c.

IMPORTANT REINFORCEMENTS FOR CANADA.—Various statements, all more or less inaccurate, having been made respecting the reinforcements for the protection of our interests in North America, it may be well to mention the steps actually taken for that purpose. The following troops have been ordered to Canada in the Persia, the Australasian, and the Melbourne, of which the Melbourne has sailed:—

2 Battalions Infantry of the Line.

2 Batteries of Field Artillery.

1 Company of Royal Engineers.

And we understand that arrangements are being made for forwarding to British North America at once,

2 Battalions of Guards.

4 Battalions of Infantry of the Line.

3 Batteries of Field Artillery.

5 Batteries of Garrison Artillery.

2 Battalions of Military Train.

2 Companies of Royal Engineers.

The two battalions of the Guards under orders are the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards now at the Tower, and the 2nd Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards at Wellington Barracks. The Rifle Brigade and 1st Battalion of the 10th are in course of embarkation; and the following battalions are held in readiness—viz., the 1st of the 10th, 2nd of the 10th, 3rd of the 10th, 4th of the 10th, 5th of the 10th, 6th of the 10th, 7th of the 10th, 8th of the 10th, 9th of the 10th, 10th of the 10th, 11th of the 10th, 12th of the 10th, 13th of the 10th, 14th of the 10th, 15th of the 10th, 16th of the 10th, 17th of the 10th, 18th of the 10th, 19th of the 10th, 20th of the 10th, 21st of the 10th, 22nd of the 10th, 23rd of the 10th, 24th of the 10th, 25th of the 10th, 26th of the 10th, 27th of the 10th, 28th of the 10th, 29th of the 10th, 30th of the 10th, 31st of the 10th, 32nd of the 10th, 33rd of the 10th, 34th of the 10th, 35th of the 10th, 36th of the 10th, 37th of the 10th, 38th of the 10th, 39th of the 10th, 40th of the 10th, 41st of the 10th, 42nd of the 10th, 43rd of the 10th, 44th of the 10th, 45th of the 10th, 46th of the 10th, 47th of the 10th, 48th of the 10th, 49th 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MY TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY GOLDEN SKELETON," &c.

If my memory does not play me false, it is now exactly ten years since the occurrence of the incident which I am now about to chronicle on paper. I was at that time one of the principal clerks in the house of Messrs. Muzzling and Welwet, bosiers and drapers, wholesale and retail. Ours was one of the largest establishments in the aristocratic little country town of Caverford—which little town, be it known, was very pious upon Sundays, and very gay during the remainder of the week. Caverford looked with proud contempt upon its neighbours, and indeed upon every other place in the world, with the exception of the great metropolis, whose public and private amusements it most sedulously imitated. The world, I fear, was not quite of the same way of thinking as Caverford—but we will not discuss that point. For the rest, my country town was very merry and very muddy—held its receptions, gave grand *soirées dansantes*, had its theatres, concert-rooms, and clubs.

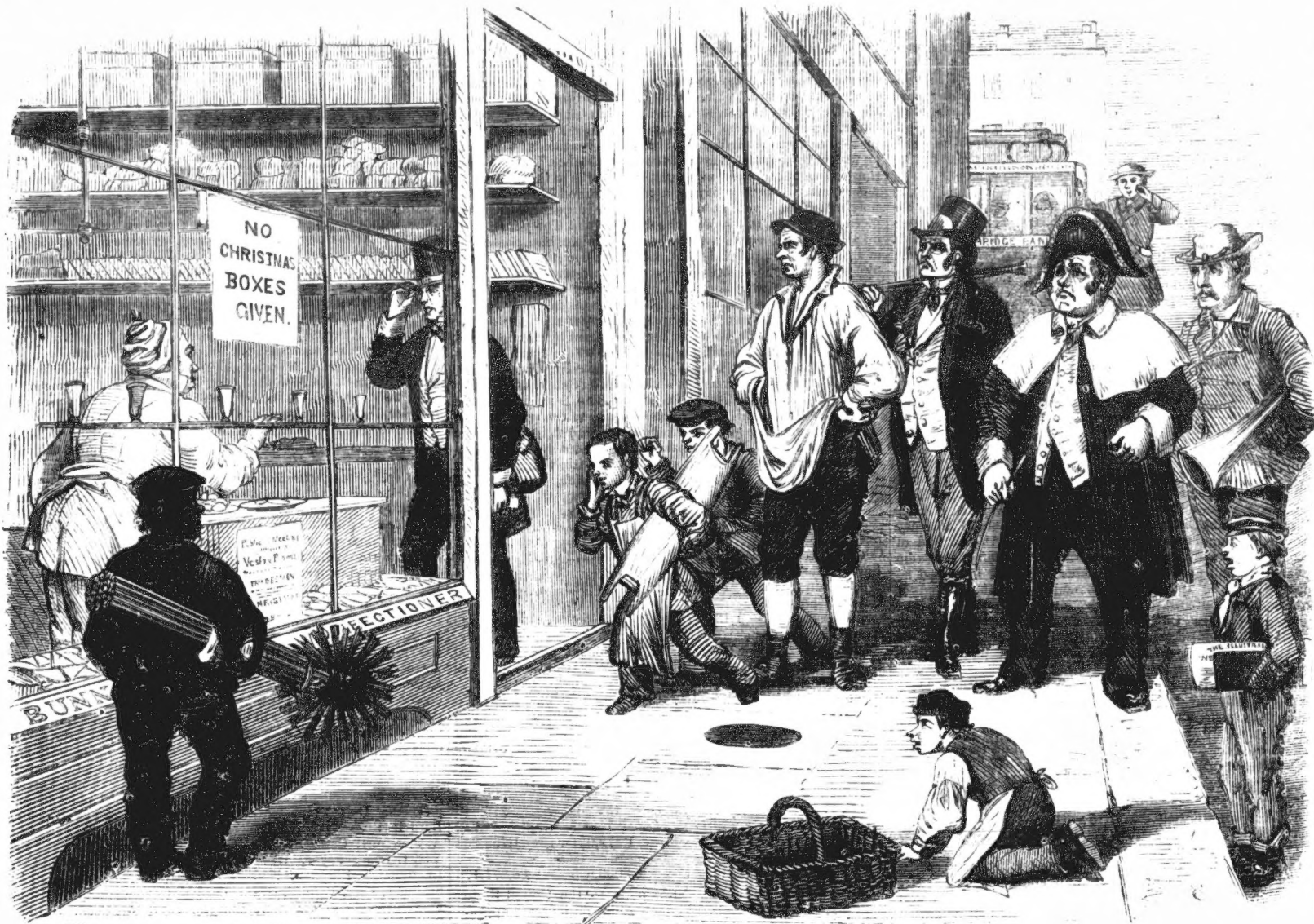
During my sojourn in this modern Arcadia, whose shepherds and shepherdesses were partial to good living and fine raiment, I was daily kept at my desk, poring over old ledgers and casting up accounts, from 9 a.m. until 7 p.m. After the last-named hour, I, being my own master, was sometimes permitted to join the festivities of the second-class Caverfordites. Much against the desire of my wife, who had rather an arbitrary way of consulting my welfare, I became a member of the Boozantippel Club—an association of gentlemen as melancholy as myself.

We, that is, wife, self, and little girl—lived in a small cottage situated about three miles from town. My wife was passionately fond of the country, and to gratify her desire I had taken the cottage. It was a nice little place in summer, when our garden was filled with blooming pansies and sweet williams; but during the season of short days and long nights, it was not so pleasant. Being of a nervous disposition, I disliked the long walk home, when anything detained me late at night. My wife, however, insisted on remaining in the cottage; for, good woman, she was afraid that, if we lived in town, I would spend too many of my evenings with the Boozantippels. So we continued to dwell in our cottage near the wood; and I had to get over my dislike for the walk as I might.

Part of my distaste for the road arose from the fact that about half a mile from my home, and directly in the way thither, lay a certain old pit, which had no good reputation. The land lying immediately around it was marshy and bleak; though further on there were fine undulating fields tilted to the highest degree of cultivation. The pit was the remains of a worthless speculation, started by some individual who wanted to persuade the Caverford people that they might get coal and iron at a spot nearer than Newcastle; and it was popularly supposed that this reckless man had cut his throat and precipitated himself to the bottom. After the shafts were sunk, the result had been considered satisfactory enough to induce the immediate sinking of the pit. They had got down some seventy feet when they became convinced that the search was fruitless. The pit was abandoned; and for safety a few planks were placed over the mouth thereof. There was always an intention

of having the pit refilled; but somehow or other, the authorities forgot to look after the matter, and the planks still lay rotting and moulding over the ugly hole. Close around the mouth of the pit, there was always a puddle. Even in the finest weather, the ground was wet and slushy! altogether the place was as dismal a one as could be found for twenty miles round. It lay about fifty yards from the road which I daily traversed; and one morning, on looking towards the pit, I saw that there only remained one of the five planks which had been thrown across its mouth. Further, the pit had an evil name. Some said that it was haunted by the speculator's ghost, which sat all night on the planks at the mouth and seized on unfortunate wayfarers. Others said that it was haunted by people of real flesh and blood, who were very anxious about other people's purses. The worst of the rumours, however, was one setting forth that a murder had been committed on the marshes and that the murdered man's body had been thrown into the pit. Knowing these interesting associations, I do not think that my dislike for the place was so cowardly after all.

I made several vain attempts to impress this feeling of disgust upon my wife, but she would not be frightened. She would insist on remaining in disagreeable proximity to the pit. Well, I was of a yielding disposition, and did not care to be a despot in domestic matters. What could I do but brave the banter of the Boozantippels, and quietly succumb to the genius of departed Caudle? Truth to say, I used to forget my abhorrence so soon as I entered my own snug little parlour, where the kettle was singing on the hob, and the tea-things laughing and sparkling in the cheery light of the fire.



DISAPPOINTED CHRISTMAS BOXERS.

Well, to proceed with the main business of our tale.

It was Christmas Eve; and I was spending a portion of the evening with a select circle of Boozantippels. Until late in the day I had been fagging over old accounts, and entering them in the ledger; but now that my task was ended, I had determined to enjoy myself and clip the flying hours with the best of my chums. Harriet, my wife, had relaxed her stringent laws for the nonce, and given me permission to enjoy myself with the free-and-easies for once in a while. This was partly in consideration of a new bonnet and shawl, with which I intended to present her next day. So the Boozantippels "boozed" and tumbled in a mild way, and wished each other many a merry Christmas, and forgot their wives, and were fast approaching that interesting stage of conviviality in which the boon companion makes up his mind not to go home till the morning. There was Captain R. Tillery, who, accompanied by Ensign N. Phantry, had come down to Caverford on a visit, and had joined our jovial crew, and had each fallen in love with Milly Shaw, the pretty heiress. There was the jolly little lawyer, Affy Davit, who was such a capital hand at billiards; and his friend the law-stationer, Mr. Seeling Whacks, who had once been a Red Republican and was now a Tory. Altogether we were a jolly party.

At about eleven o'clock I tore myself from the party and prepared to set out for home.

It was a terrible night, rain everywhere, mud everywhere, and in the midst of all a screaming wind, which rose and fell at intervals weirdly. A foul night! and I had three long miles

to walk before reaching home. My umbrella was turned inside out directly I opened it; and before I knew where I was I was drenched to the skin. However, off I trudged, knowing my wife would be anxious if I were to delay my return. How the wind howled; how the rain poured. When! I felt like a drowned dog!

I halted just outside of the town, at a little inn at which I was known, and drank off a glass of warm brandy. In the bar I found a circle of honest citizens, who began to compassionate my unfortunate distance from home. Just as I was leaving, I caught sight of a dark-bearded face which seemed familiar, and which scowled at me with black malignity. I was puzzled, and walling homewards tried to remember where I had seen that face.

I do not know how it was that I began to think of my previous life and friends. Somehow my mind wandered almost involuntarily to the scenes and characters of my youth. Of course, one of the prominent, nay, the most prominent incident in that epoch was my courtship. Remembering my courtship, the figure of an old friend rose before me with gloomy looks and disordered dress, tattered and dirty. It was thus I had seen Harry Powlton, my old rival and associate. He was a strange compound of good and evil, this Harry. and I believe he would have made a good man had it not been for the wild habits he was led into by some companions. Perhaps I had something to do with his downfall. The last time we had met he accused me of being the cause of it, for I had won the hand of the girl he loved. But then under the vexatious in-

fluence of the demon jealousy, people sometimes say things which they do not mean. However, I always blamed myself for having by my good luck had a hand in his ruin.

We were both young men without parents, and when wanted as fellow-clerks in the office of Messrs. Shivering Tenber and Co., wood merchants in Scuttleton, we immediately formed a close friendship. For two years we worked side by side, becoming more attached to each other the longer we were acquainted. Harry vexed me sometimes with outbursts of a wild rollicking disposition. He occasionally joined in the drinking bouts of our older clerks. Once or twice he was absent from the office for several days in consequence of illness brought on by these debaucheries. I was always of a quiet, retiring turn, and I was nicknamed "the Saint" because I never felt inclined to join in their revels. Harry was a big-boned, strong-looking fellow, with a constitution of iron and strength to match. On the other hand, I was always of a weakly nature, and I think Harry felt as if he were a protector to me. So we jogged along together very agreeably until we met Harriet Hardman.

Harriet was the daughter of a small tradesman in Scuttleton. We had met her at the house of a friend, and as she was young, guileless, and, according to rumour, had a little money, we both fell in love with her. At first Harry and I confided to each other the progress of our love affairs, for we had agreed that it should be a fair race between us, and that which ever way the lady decided we would remain as good friends as we had been before it occurred. Matters can



CHRISTMAS GAMES.

tinued in that way for a considerable time. Harry was positive that Miss Hardham favoured him, I was just as certain that she favoured me, and so were half-a-dozen others.

About that time I had a severe attack of gastric fever, which confined me to bed for some weeks. During that time Harriet was very kind, she visited me almost daily. We read together, and talked over the news together, and now and then I imagined that various hints of mine relative to the tender nature of my feelings towards her were not ungraciously received. I recovered, though if it had not been for neglecting my duty, I should have liked to continue my illness for a little longer. I returned to my desk and drudged away at arithmetical calculations, whilst Cupid was playing the maddest antics with my senses and pen. The name of Harriet Hardman slipped into my ledgers and cash books in the most remarkable manner, and the necessity of scratching it out of every sixth line became a perfect torture to me. But I suppose people who are pierced with the golden-headed arrow cannot help those sort of things. I could not. What a mercy it is that they all disappear with the clouds of the honeymoon.

I now began to observe a change taking place in the relationship of Harry and myself. He became, as I thought, cold and formal in his manner. Once or twice he even addressed me as "Mister." I was surprised, and did not just then understand it. We both received invitations to spend an evening with the Hardmans, and of course both accepted. We went. Harriet seemed to me on that occasion to divide her favours very impartially between us. If she danced with me she was sure to be the patron of Harry for the next dance. So it went on during the whole evening, the only difference being that I managed to steal one of her gloves and a kiss just as we parted. On the way home I told Harry of the glove. I could not have helped telling him even had I known that he would sneer at me as he did. I felt inclined to tell everybody, and I was so supremely happy with my spoil.

After this, Harry became gloomy and taciturn. He seemed to shun me, and would on no account be led to speak of Harriet. He began to join more than ever in the drunken spree of some rakish companions. I heard strange rumours of the way in which he was spending night after night in one of the lowest taverns of Scuttleton, drinking and playing cards. His appearance was becoming very debauched, and I feared that the firm, which we both served, would hear of his conduct. I determined to speak to him, and endeavour to get him to return to his old self. I felt as sad as if he were a younger brother, and it now became my duty to be the protector.

I spoke to him. I pointed out his folly, and he became angry, though he pretended at first to be very civil. At length he burst out. What had I to do with him? It was none of my business. I tried to reason with him, and as calmly as possible to point out the ruin which he was bringing upon himself. It was without avail; he laughed at me, and we parted.

About three years after this occurred, I proposed to Harriet Hardman, and (oh, ye gods, what joy!) was accepted. We were both anxious to have the fatal knot tied, "for better or worse," and we were not long in deciding upon the day which was to make us happy or miserable for the rest of our mortal lives. Papa Hardman was quite agreeable, and I wasn't aware of any one who knew any good reason why we two should not be united in the holy bonds of wedlock. It was all settled, and very soon after the little town of Scuttleton was as cognisant of the approaching marriage as we were ourselves.

Harry was among the first who heard of it. He came to me pale and trembling. He asked me if it were true that Harriet was about to marry? I told him all, and he turned from me with fierce words. That was the last time we met. He never came back to the office. We heard that he was drinking heavily; and though he did not commit any actual breach of the law, it was rumoured that he had joined a party of swindlers. Then it was rumoured that he had gone to America or Australia, and from that day I had never seen him nor learned ought of his whereabouts.

I was still busy with these thoughts, when I remembered that I must be near to the old pit. The storm had somewhat abated, but the wind still blew sharp and keen. I was shivering with cold, and quickened my steps. That fierce, black-bearded face still haunted me. I thought I heard footsteps behind me. I listened. I held my breath. Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the dull slushy sound of the footsteps on the muddy road. I hurried on. Nearer, nearer, came the footsteps; closer, closer upon me. I trembled. I became certain that I was followed by some one. The face of that man rose before me again, and I ran. Close beside the old pit I stopped, quite out of breath. I listened. No sound. I began to think that I had distanced my pursuer, and drew a long breath of relief. Suddenly, tramp, tramp, came the footsteps again. I jumped over the hedge and crouched behind it, holding my breath. The sounds ceased again. I listened, and my sense of hearing seemed to become painfully acute. Every stir in the branches of the trees close to me made me start and quiver. The wind whistled through the hedge and shook the big heavy drops of rain over me.

There was a lull in the wind. Everything hushed—everything still as death. A cold, shivering sensation crept over me, and I felt a big icy hand encircle my neck. I sprang to my feet with a scream. The grasp tightened round my neck. By an almost superhuman effort I twisted my head round and saw the man I had noticed in the bar of the "Jolly Jack" inn. Like a flash of lightning the remembrance of the face occurred to me. Now I knew whose murderous grasp was at my throat. It was Harry Powlton.

His eyes seemed literally to glare upon me, and there was a fierce, determined expression on his features. I was almost choking, and I could only gasp out his name. He laughed satirically.

"So," he said, "you know me; I would not have thought that, now, after ten years' separation."

He loosened his grasp slightly as he spoke, evidently expecting an answer. I muttered something about his strange appearance. He laughed, the same hard laugh as before.

"Well," he growled, "you wouldn't expect a fellow who has been knocking about in the backwoods of America to be a Dandy—and who's to blame for that?—you."

And his grasp tightened again. There was a ferocious glare in his eyes which convinced me that he meant evil. His tall dark figure towering over me in the dim light of the moonless sky seemed that of a giant. He saw my lips quiver with fear, and his hoarse laugh rang in my ears as he dragged me from the hedge close to the mouth of the pit. I understood

his purpose at once, and with a wild scream sprang from him. I had scarcely ran or rather bounded half-a-dozen steps when I felt his arms encircle my waist. He lifted me up as if I had been a child and carried me again to the mouth of the pit.

"Harry, Harry, what would you do?" I screamed.

He laughed again and inquired ironically.

"Is there any message I can take to your wife?—be quick, I have no time to lose."

"Mercy, mercy, Harry. Do not add murder to your other crimes."

"Whose fault is it that I am a criminal, not mine, but yours."

He lifted me up in the air as if about to dash me into the pit. I clutched with the grasp of despair. I caught the collar of his rough coat. He wrenched my hands away. We struggled. My strength was that of a madman. I called upon him to spare me for the sake of the woman he had once loved. But that seemed only to excite him the more, and with one terrible exertion of his strength he threw me over the mouth of the pit. I felt myself for one moment in space, I saw the single plank across the abyss, and I clutched it with a fearful tenacity. I could feel the deep dark void beneath me. My body seemed too heavy for my arms, and it appeared to be drawing the wrists from their sockets. I feared that they would break off.

I could not have been more than a few seconds dangling thus, though the time appeared to me as if it were an age. I looked and saw Harry staring at me in amazement. Then he stooped down and lifted one end of the plank. It is impossible to describe the feeling of hope and fear which took possession. Perhaps he had repented and would take me up safe and sound—but I saw him shove the plank into the pit and I felt myself falling, falling, down, down, down.

I became conscious that I was lying amidst wet clay and nauseous smells. I must have been insensible for some hours. I was unable to recall to mind what had happened for some time. I thought of the stories I had heard of people being buried alive, and I shuddered. Then I remembered all. I looked up and saw the dim light of the stars; it did not appear to be very far from me, and I was astonished to find myself almost unharmed. I made an attempt to rise to my feet. One of my hands sank down into the soft clay; the other rested upon some soft, pulpy mass. I paused. Then I began to feel what it was, and found—O, my God!—a dead body!

When I again recovered consciousness I was lying in my own bed, and my wife sitting beside me.

It was the evening of Christmas-day. Harriet told me that becoming alarmed by my continued absence from home, she had gone into town. There she had been informed of my departure about twelve o'clock. Some friends who saw me leaving, feared that I had been misguided by the last drop of wine, and had by some means tumbled into the old pit. A party at once set out for that spot, and on arriving were alarmed by the signs of a severe struggle. Ropes and other materials were procured. Two men descended the pit which was only twenty feet deep, as the sides had fallen in. They found me as they at first thought dead, and the body of a man which I afterwards identified as that of Harry Powlton. There was a deep gash on his head, and the conjecture was that he had tumbled into the pit, and that he received his death-wound from a large stone which was found lying beside him, and his head covered with blood.

LAW AND POLICE.

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WILSON FOR MURDER.—Last week Captain William Wilson, late commander of the British ships Express and Severn, trading to Africa, was arraigned at the Liverpool assizes, upon two indictments: one charging him with the murder of William Henderson, on the 23rd of January last, on board the Express; and the other with the manslaughter of Charles Jones, on board the British ship Severn, on the 4th April of the present year. This case had laid over from the previous assize in consequence of the jury by whom it was tried not being able to agree to a verdict. It is only necessary, therefore, to give an outline of the facts. The Express sailed from Liverpool on the 22nd of September last year, and Henderson (who was about thirty years of age) had joined some short time before, being then in good health and strength. On the 4th of November, just before entering Brass river, the prisoner followed deceased out of the cabin, beat him with his fists, kicked him twenty or thirty times with strong boots, and with a double rope gave him twenty or thirty blows with great severity. The prisoner cried out, "You shall never see England again," and made use of other expressions, the weight and import of which the jury would decide. The deceased then became silent and insensible; and that night, when he was seen by some of the crew, it was noticed that his head and shoulders were covered with bruises and discolorations. On another occasion, prisoner had ordered buckets of water to be thrown over the deceased, after which he was lifted up and dry clothes put on him. The prisoner afterwards came back to the deceased, and asked him "If he was satisfied?" The deceased said, "You had better kill me at once than beat me so;" upon which the prisoner again beat and kicked him, and renewed his threats, that he had better jump overboard, and that "he should never see England again." The deceased sank under this continued ill-treatment, and died shortly afterwards. Evidence was given in support of these statements, and the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter." On Saturday Captain Wilson was brought up for sentence, when Baron Channell, in very severe terms, sentenced him to twenty years' penal servitude.

THE PRESTON MILITARY MURDERS.—Patrick McCaffrey, a recruit in the 32nd regiment of foot, and now in custody on a double charge of murder, was charged at the Liverpool assizes last week on an indictment for the murder of Captain Hanham. The prisoner is an Irishman, slightly built, looks younger than twenty, the age assigned him in the calendar, and when brought into court was calm, self-possessed, and somewhat unconcerned. He pleaded "Not guilty" in a firm voice. The particulars are already familiar to the public and need not be recapitulated here. Evidence having been taken his lordship summed up and the jury having found the prisoner "Guilty" of wilful murder, he was sentenced to death.

THE ALDERSHOT MURDER.—On Friday, Thomas Jackson, nineteen, a private in the 78th Highlanders, was charged at Winchester with the wilful murder of John Dickson, sergeant of the same regiment at Aldershot, on the 23rd November last. The prisoner was dressed in a fustian suit of clothes. Mr. Cole, in stating the case to the jury, said this was one of a very peculiar character, and was one of that class that had become of late too common, and was known by the name of "military murders." It would be found that the prisoner enlisted in 1858, when he was a little over fifteen years of age. Shortly after that he deserted, and afterwards enlisted in the 58th; and there was reason to believe he went to India. In April, 1861, he was arrested as a deserter, and suffered punishment. After that he was punished for destroying his new kit, and more recently he had smashed his rifle, for which he was imprisoned under a sentence of court-martial. The learned counsel then detailed the circumstances of the murder, in the course of which he observed that it was to be regretted that in the time of peace soldiers should be supplied with so much ammunition. Several witnesses were examined, who deposed to the facts of the murder, and the expressions subsequently used by the prisoner as to his intentions towards the deceased, one being, "I know my destiny; I know what I've got to suffer. The—gave me six months' hard labour once, and now I have given him twelve." The medical evidence showed that death had resulted from a gunshot wound. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," and his lordship sentenced the prisoner to be hanged in the

usual form. The prisoner on hearing the sentence, weined not the slightest emotion, but on the contrary left the dock with a quick step and a jaunty air. The inhabitants of Winchester have got up a memorial, numerous signed, for presentation to the Home Secretary, praying that the convict may be hanged at the gallows, instead of at the county prison. It is considered that the carrying the sentence to execution near the scene of the perpetration of the murder, and in the presence of the troops, might tend to prevent its repetition.

£1,000 DAMAGES AGAINST A RAILWAY COMPANY.—In the court of the Queen's Bench, last week was tried *Duckles v. the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company*, an action for compensation for bodily injuries sustained through the negligence of the defendant's servants. The plaintiff, a young man, was a shoemaker at Accrington, Lancashire, employing several journeymen. In September, 1860, when travelling in an excursion train from Accrington to Manchester, the coupling iron broke, and the train was thrown off the line. Eleven persons were killed on the spot, and above 100 passengers were injured. The plaintiff suffered a concussion of the brain, and was insensible for some time. He had lost the use of one of his legs. In the May following the company offered to compromise the matter, but he refused their terms. Medical gentlemen said the leg would be useless for life, and it would be for the plaintiff to decide whether he would allow it to be amputated, or an artificial limb should be preferred to a useless limb dangling from the body. The Lord Chief Justice said that, whenever he heard of a company's proposal to compromise, he should always ask at what time was the proposal made, as such proposals were often made before the extent of the injury became developed. Such conduct was very discreditable, and he was happy to say that this case was free from such an imputation. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, for the defendants, said that out of nearly 100 cases of injuries from this accident this was the only case brought to trial. The learned serjeant having addressed the jury in mitigation of damages, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £1,000.

THE LATE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A BROTHER AT ISLINGTON.—Walter Crane, aged 25, a traveller, residing at 20, Crimby-street, Kingsland-road, was charged with wounding Christopher Crane, his brother, with intent to murder him, was brought again at Clerkenwell on Saturday. A certificate was handed in from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that Christopher Crane was not able to attend the Police Court, as he was suffering from pain in the head. It was stated that the waistcoat which the prosecutor said he had lost, had been found in the New River, near Highbury New Park, at the spot where the injured man said the prisoner tried to throw him in. From the appearance of the waistcoat it would seem that the prisoner had seized hold of the unfortunate man by the waist-band, and that the belt had become separated, and the prosecutor had fallen to the ground. The parcel that the prisoner had left at the coffee-shop in the Ball's Pond-road, was made up with stones, &c. The prisoner was remanded for a few days.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER AT PADDINGTON.—From information that had been forwarded to Mr. Yardley, to the effect that the lady, Mrs. Green, aged seventy-one, residing at Fulham-place, upon whom a murderous assault had been made, would not be able to attend at the court to give evidence, instructions were forwarded that the three prisoners now in custody on the above charge should be taken to the lady's residence, where Mr. Yardley would attend to take her depositions. Accordingly, the prisoners—Thomas Puzey, George Reeves, and Sarah Collett—were taken to Mrs. Green's bedroom on Saturday, where Mr. Yardley met them. The lady's statement was to this effect: That while she was sitting alone in her arm-chair on the evening of the 24th of October, and while her servant was gone for supper, some one came up to her. He was a tall man with a black mask on. Her eyes caught the shadow of another man, who came round the foot of the bed. That man was shorter and stouter. The tall man hit her on the head four or five severe blows with something having a large knot at the end of it. She begged and prayed them to desist, and she would tell them to do anything they liked. He then took her by the throat and pinched her till she lost her senses, and he gave her several more blows on the cheek. This made her insensible. She had seen the short man take her watch from the pocket at the head of her bed. Her plate was in the room, but she could not tell how much was missing. The prisoner Puzey seemed to be about the height of the tall man, but she was not certain. The hands were like his, and they were thin, long fingers. The life preserver which was produced was like the thing she saw in the room. The short man had a loose coat on, which might have made him look stouter than the second man. The prisoner Collett had been in her employ, and she had discharged her in consequence of some suspicion she had concerning her. About a fortnight before the robbery Collett had again come to the house, though she had directed her not to do so. She did not hear the men say anything while in her room. The lady having attested her signature to a document to the above effect, the prisoners were asked if they had any defence to make. They declined to make any defence, and were again remanded.

CHARGE AGAINST A NEGRO.—On Friday at the Westminster police-court, Mr. Edward Lowe Webb, surgeon, of No. 9, St. George's-road, Finsbury, was summoned for an assault upon Eliza Hancock, his servant, a pretty and rather delicate girl of eighteen. The complainant said that on the 2nd of December she was ordered by Mr. Webb to perform a particular menial service, when she replied that she could not; upon which her mistress told her she should leave the house immediately. Complainant then waited for Defendant to come in for her wages, when he offered her a sovereign, which she refused to take as it was not enough, and he ordered her out, but she refused to leave until she was paid. He then shook her and threw her from one end of the surgery to the other. Complainant's sister, who was also in his service then came into the room to see what was the matter, when he pushed her out. Mrs. Webb was at the time in the surgery, and defendant having locked the doors, and given her the keys, again shook complainant, and struck her on the head and mouth, making it bleed, and it was still bleeding, for proceedings to be taken in a superior court, then screamed, when he put his hand over her mouth. He then threw her on the ground, and removing her clothes, smothered her, and Mrs. Webb held her feet that she should not kick him. Then he rolled her from one end of the room to the other, like a piece of carpet. The doors were then unlocked, and defendant and his wife left her. Complainant's bonnet and dress were torn to pieces. In cross examination by Mr. Wontner, complainant declared that defendant did not pay her wages. She had received a sovereign in June last, and that was all. This case was proceeded with for a considerable length of time. Mr. and Mrs. Webb endeavoured to show that the complainant had misrepresented the facts, and that she was the aggressor. The magistrate said it was a very painful inquiry, and eventually the case was withdrawn by consent, for proceedings to be taken in a superior court.

FORGERY.—A serious charge of forgery was preferred against Mr. Henry Wells Young, a solicitor, at the Mansion House on Wednesday. The charge was that this person had forged two powers of attorney for the transfer of sums amounting to between £5,000 and £6,000, which he deposited in the Bank of England. Mr. Freshfield attended to prosecute on behalf of the Bank, and evidence with reference to one case having been gone into, the prisoner was remanded.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AT LAMBETH.—A young man who gave the name of Arthur William Castle, and who was described as a pork-butcher and cheesemonger, was brought up last week at Lambeth on a charge of inflicting a danger on women on the front par of the head of his wife with a poker and thereby placing her life in danger. Police-constable 110 L deposed that, between the hours of two and three o'clock on that afternoon, he had been called into the house No. 2, St. Mary-street, St. Mary-square, Lambeth, where he found the prisoner lying on the floor in a state of insensibility, and bleeding from a wound in the front part of her head. The prisoner was present at the time; and the landlady of the house, who had hold of him, said he was who did it, and gave him in charge. The prisoner said his wife took up the poker and struck him with it; and that, while taking the poker from her, she got accidentally struck by it. Mr. Wakem, a medical gentleman in the neighbourhood, was sent for, and dressed the wound; after which the injured woman was taken to the hospital. The witnesses here handed in the following certificate:

I certify that I have visited and attended Ann Castle, of St. Mary-street, for several injuries said to have been inflicted on her by her husband. I fear her skull is fractured, and consider her life at present to be in danger. J. N. WAKEM, Surgeon.

West-square, 12th Dec., 1861.

Mr. Norton having observed that the charge was one, judging from the medical gentleman's certificate, of a serious character, remanded the prisoner for a week.

MURDER OF A CHILD BY ITS MOTHER.—At the Marlborough Police Court on Monday, Mary Ann Hamilton was charged, on her own confession, with killing her child, ten months old, in Rebecca-court, Wells-street, Oxford-street. It appears that the prisoner went up to George Brown, 18 T, in King-street, Hamersmith, on Sunday morning, and said she wanted to give herself up for murdering one of her children at 9, Rebecca-court, Wells-street, Oxford-street, by tying a piece of braid round its neck. He asked her why she did it, and she said, "I could not see it want for bread any longer." He told her that she might consider herself in custody for murdering her son Henry Hamilton. She replied that it was too true. He took her to the house and in the kitchen found an old bed with two children

in it, one being dead. Brown then sent for Mr. G. H. Baily, a surgeon, who instantly attended, and stated that life had been extinct some hours. The prisoner was afterwards taken to the station, and after being cautioned by the sergeant, who took the charge, Stanley E. he replied, "I am sorry, it's too true," and commenced crying. On being told to look near the fire at the station in Clarke's buildings, as he must be cold, she replied, "I shall soon be in a cold place." Prisoner was remanded. Inspector Hubbard, E division, attended to watch the case. The place where the prisoner had been presented a scene of the most abject poverty and wretchedness, and it was stated that her husband, who is a tailor, had no work, and that they had been receiving parish relief for some time. The other child, four years of age, was taken by Brown to the Marylebone Workhouse.

A FORTUNE TELLER.—At Greenwich on Tuesday Ann Fisher, aged 38, described as the wife of Kent-street, Borough, was brought upon remand, charged with obtaining two dresses, value £2, from Honors and Sarah Mills, servants in the family of a gentleman residing at Lee near Blackheath, under pretence of telling them their fortunes. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner went to the house of the complainants' master, and offered some tapes for sale, afterwards soliciting them to have their fortunes told. This request they declined complying with, and the prisoner left, but returned two or three hours afterwards, and renewed her request, in which she was more successful. The prisoner then produced two old dirty playing cards, and gave one to each of the complainants, directing them to place the cards under their arm-pits. She then uttered something which was altogether unintelligible, and requested them each to bring her a dress to the value of a sovereign, which they went and brought and handed to the prisoner, who then told complainants it was necessary she should keep possession of the dresses for a quarter of an hour, when she would return with them from a neighbouring house, where she said she was engaged in telling another servant her fortune, and reveal to them their future destiny. Having remained standing for a quarter of an hour with the cards placed according to the prisoner's directions, and she not returning, they became suddenly impressed with the idea that they had been robbed, and on information being given to the police, detective officer Nesbitt, 250 H, succeeded in apprehending her at a public-house in the Borough, where she confessed to having pledged the dresses. Mr. Traill said he should deal with the case as one of felony, and sentenced the prisoner to four months' imprisonment with hard labor in Maidstone Gaol.

ROBBERY OF OVER £1,000, AND CAPTURE OF THE THIEF AT MALTA BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.—Charles Mirange, who has several aliases, a young man of gentlemanly deportment, a native of France, was brought up at Clerke well, on Monday, on remand, and charged before Mr. Barker with having stolen 700 opera and marine glass, and a number of other articles, the property of and moneys of his master, Mr. Leopold Well, wholesale optician and mathematical instrument maker, of 15, Ely-place, Holborn, and Paris. Mr. Barker fully committed the prisoner to Newgate for trial.

On Tuesday at Clerkenwell, Thomas Stones, a young fellow, a driver, was charged with the instant case of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with cruelly beating a number of bullocks at the New Cattle Market, and Mr. Barker ordered the defendant to pay a fine of 50s, or in default of payment twenty-one days' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

ROBBERY AND SUPPOSED MURDER NEAR SHEFFIELD.—Alfred Hinchcliffe, a market gardener, of Treeton, near Rotherham, aged 27, was found dead on Thursday night, in Back-lane, between two or three miles from Sheffield, under circumstances of great suspicion. On Thursday afternoon, Hinchcliffe came to Attercliffe from Treeton, for the purpose of disposing of a pig. He sold the pig to Mr. Watts, a grocer at Attercliffe, and received the money, amounting to £10 8s, about four o'clock. Earlier in the afternoon, Hinchcliffe had met with Thomas Fawley, a butcher, at Attercliffe. On Hinchcliffe receiving the £10 8s from Mr. Watts, he left with Fawley, and they proceeded together to a beerhouse kept by William Foster, the New Horse and Jockey, where they remained drinking till about half-past five, when they left together and went to the end of Shireland-lane, where, according to Fawley's statement, they parted, and he saw no more of the deceased. About the time when Fawley states that he parted from Hinchcliffe a young man named Arthur Wood saw deceased, who was then alone. Wood was going along Shireland-lane towards Darnall, and he saw Hinchcliffe standing against the wall, and evidently intoxicated. Wood heard footsteps behind him, and shortly after he had passed Hinchcliffe a man's voice reached him, saying, "I shall help the ———." The young man went on, not supposing that anything was wrong. The next that was heard of Hinchcliffe was between six and seven o'clock, when two colliers, named Simpson, found him lying helpless on the footpath. They informed various persons at Attercliffe, and about eight o'clock Mr. Seaman and Mr. Widdowson went to the spot, and found Hinchcliffe lying on his back. He was still alive, but unable to move, and they got the body removed to the Queen's Inn, and Mr. Shaw, surgeon, was called in. He declared life to be extinct. Upon information of the affair being given to the police, an active investigation was commenced. It was discovered that Hinchcliffe's left-hand pocket had been cut out, and that the other pocket had been torn open. The whole of the money was missing, and the shirt and the coat-collar were much disordered, and the waistcoat was torn open. Both the eyes of the deceased were covered with mud. In the evening, it was considered advisable to apprehend Fawley on suspicion of being concerned in the affair.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—An inquiry before Mr. G. S. Brent, the deputy coroner for the county of Essex, touching the death of Charles Kilwood Ashton, aged 19, dispenser at the Nottingham and Sheffield Dispensary, who lost his life by an overdose of chloroform, has resulted in the following verdict: That "death was produced by an overdose of chloroform, but whether suicidally intended or otherwise there was not sufficient evidence to prove."

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A SURGEON.—An inquiry before Mr. Brent touching the death of Mr. Francis Robert Smith Upjohn, assistant surgeon with Dr. Warton, 8, Wellington-road, Kentish Town, has resulted in a verdict: That the deceased gentleman died from the mortal effects of prussic acid; "but whether he swallowed it by mistake, or for the purpose of destroying himself, there was insufficient evidence to prove."

FLOGGING IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Great excitement has been occasioned in Chesham and Brampton by a case of cruelty to a boy named John Gascoyne, twelve years of age, the son of Thomas Gascoyne, a porter, at Brampton, by John Makewes, the schoolmaster at St. Thomas's school. A charge of assault was preferred against Makewes on Saturday, before the county magistrates at Chesham, by the parents of the boy. On Sunday, the 24th November, the lad was at school, when he turned his head round and laughed at another boy whom he knew. The master came up to him, boxed his ears, and hit him several times over the head and shoulders. The lad said the master should "catch it" for what he had done, whereupon the curate of St. Thomas, the Rev. Thomas Hill, came and ordered the lad to be flogged. The lad then turned round and carried to a conspicuous part of the school, and laid with his belly over a large stool. The master then got a stick and flogged the lad for a considerable length of time, amidst his cries for mercy. The master continued to flog the lad until he should beg his pardon for what he had done and confess his wrong. The lad was then expelled the school, and was followed home by nearly all the scholars, who narrated the punishment he had received. His back was examined, when every stroke of the stick had left its mark on his flesh, which the next day was a blackened mass. The lad's injuries were shown to a magistrate, who granted a summons, and the case was heard on Saturday, the charge being dismissed. Mr. Barrow, one of the magistrates, remarking that the lad ought to be corrected. A subscription is about to be raised to take the case to a higher court.—*Nottingham Express.*

SPORTING NEWS.

ANOTHER VICTORY BY DEERFOOT.—At Norwich last week Deerfoot achieved another victory. The prize offered was £50, of which the first man was to take four-fifths, and the second one fifth. The Greenhills-guards were the scene of the match, and the distance run was as nearly as possible six miles, 42 rounds of 251 yards each being traversed. Brighton of Norfolk, and Lang of Middlesex were his competitors. Up to the 21st round all the men kept well to their work, but when they had completed this round, and consequently half the distance Lang gave up, showing signs of exhaustion. Deerfoot and his remaining competitor held on without the least apparent inconvenience, the tall feather being sometimes in the rear of the indomitable little Englishman. At the close of the 41st round Brighton was about five yards behind his opponent, but in the final round he put on a spurt, and nearly closed on his rival. The Indian put forth all his strength for a decisive effort, and with the help of his long legs and his apparently inexhaustible powers, succeeded in again recovering his advantage, finally winning by two or two and a half yards. He then ran round the gardens for the

third time to show that he had plenty of stamina left, and, finally, retired into the tavern to which the gardens serve as an adjunct, for the purpose of resuming his full amount of clothing. The entire distance of six miles was traversed in 31 min. 30 sec.

DEAD HEAT BETWEEN DEERFOOT AND MILLS.—The contest between Deerfoot and Edward Mills, the Little Wonder, over a distance of eight miles, for a stake of £200, came off on Monday afternoon at Hackney Wick. At three o'clock the men appeared on the ground, and the signal having been given, they started away, the Indian with the lead, which he held for the first five or six laps, when Mills colored and passed him; but the Indian passed him at the finish of the next lap, and so they continued passing and repassing each other up to the end of the 48th lap, from which distance Mills maintained the lead to within a few yards of the winning-post, when Deerfoot "came with one of his rushes," and the referee being unable to separate them, it was pronounced a dead heat.

DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Gastric fever doing its work with terrible rapidity, has carried off Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the husband of the Queen, and one of the most accomplished, refined, prudent, and amiable princes of whom history takes note. A week previous, this illness was hardly deemed more than a common cold, with feverish symptoms. The absence of his Royal Highness from an agricultural display, in which, among very many matters of public interest, he took a practical part, was attributed to nothing more than a somewhat severe attack of influenza. The illness was, in fact, a feverish cold, which suddenly passed into its exaggerated phase of nervous or gastric fever. Even as late as Friday, the Queen and the Royal children were taking their customary ride. Not until Wednesday week had a bulletin been issued; and this document declared the Prince Consort to be suffering from fever, "unattended by unfavourable symptoms," although likely from the character of the disease, to keep him for some time on a sick bed. On Thursday, said the physicians in their second bulletin, "His Royal Highness the Prince Consort has passed a quiet night. The symptoms have undergone little change." It was known that the Prince had all the advantages which a sufferer from gastric, nervous, or typhoid fever could by any possibility possess. He was in the prime of life; he had a good constitution, strengthened by many exercises and by general habits of activity. He had been remarkably temperate from youth; and in this attack he possessed such medical aid as could not have been surpassed. Sir James Clark had attended his illustrious patient from early manhood. Dr. Jenner, recently appointed physician to the Royal family, has had a large experience in the treatment of all kinds of fever, and has especially enlightened the profession to which he belongs by publications on that precise form of disease under which the Prince Consort was labouring. These eminent men, who had been assisted by Mr. Brown, of Windsor, in their early attendance on his Royal Highness, were joined in consultation on Monday by Sir Henry Holland and Dr. Watson. Surely, then, we must admit that all human strength was at the sufferer's command, that all human aid was extended to him; and how to the Supreme Will.

The illness, which, until Friday evening week gave no cause of anxiety to those who had the best reason to prize a life which was held by millions at inestimable value, seems to have been contracted by exposure to cold. The *Court Circular* of Sunday, the 8th December, gave first public announcement of what was thought a temporary indisposition. It said:

The party which had been invited by her Majesty's command to assemble at Windsor Castle on Monday has been countermanded. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort has been confined to his apartments for the last week, suffering from a feverish cold, with pains in the limbs. Within the last few days the feverish symptoms have rather increased, and are likely to continue for some time longer, but there are no unfavourable symptoms.

On Wednesday, as we have said, the first bulletin was issued, under the same signatures as are appended to the foregoing. This announcement was as follows:

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort is suffering from fever, unattended by unfavourable symptoms, but likely, from its nature, to continue for some time.

Day by day fresh bulletins were issued in one or two of which it was stated that the illness of his Royal Highness had taken a favourable turn. Even on Saturday morning, the day on which he died, the bulletin of the morning was followed up by intelligence of a still happier change, and it was thought that the immediate cause of alarm had passed away. Telegrams to that effect were, we understand, sent to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, the King of the Belgians, and the Crown Princess of Prussia. But these expectations were but short-lived. A bulletin was telegraphed to Buckingham Palace as follows:—

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort is in a most critical state.—Windsor Castle, Dec. 14, 1861, 4.30 p.m.

At the time which appears on this bulletin, the physicians in attendance on the Prince Consort gave out that another hour would decide for life or death. A special service was held in St. John's Church, and prayers offered up for the restoration of his Royal Highness. Great excitement prevailed in the town of Windsor. The hour that passed from the time of the last bulletin did not bring the expected change, either for better or worse. The Prince of Wales, being telegraphed for late on Friday night, left the South-Western Railway terminus by special train between one and two o'clock on Saturday morning, and remained near his illustrious father till he died. This dreaded event took place at ten minutes before eleven o'clock at night, the Prince Consort expiring tranquilly. The intense grief of the Queen and of the members of the Royal family who surrounded the death bed of his Royal Highness will have the heartfelt sympathy of all English men and women; and every feeling of esteem and affection which the benignant reign of her Majesty has implanted in her people will be called forth to give expression to the condolence which they will offer at this moment of severe domestic sorrow.

On Sunday morning intelligence of the national calamity was received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, in the following official communication from the Secretary of State for the Home Department:—

Whitehall, Dec. 15.

My Lord,—It is with the greatest concern that I inform your lordship of the death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, which took place at Windsor Castle last night at ten minutes to eleven o'clock, to the inexpressible grief of her Majesty and the Royal family.

I request your Lordship will give directions for tolling the

great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral.—I have the honour to be your lordship's most obedient servant.

(Signed) G. GREY.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London.
The Lord Mayor had anticipated the wish of Sir George Grey. On the previous night, about twenty minutes to twelve, he received the subjoined telegram from Sir Charles Phipps.

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort expired tranquilly at ten minutes to eleven this night.
Windsor Castle, Dec. 11.

On the receipt of this sad news, the Lord Mayor immediately communicated it to Dr. Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's, with a request that the great bell of the cathedral, which is never used except on the death of a member of the Royal family, might be tolled. Shortly after midnight the bell was becoming the intelligence over the metropolis, far and near, and continued to do so for two hours.

His Royal Highness Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K.G., K.C.L., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D., &c., was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, by his first wife Dorothea Louisa, Princess of Saxe-Gotha. His Royal Highness was born at Rosenau, August 26, 1819, and his marriage with Queen Victoria took place on the 10th of February, 1840. The act of parliament under which the Prince was naturalised was the 3rd Vic., cap. 1 and 2. The income granted by act of parliament was £30,000. He received his title of Royal Highness by patent, dated Feb. 6, 1840, and was empowered to quarter the royal arms on the 7th of February in the same year. On the following day he received his commission as Field Marshal, and he was made Colonel of the 11th or Prince Albert's Own Hussars on the 30th of April, 1840. In April, 1842, he received his commission as Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards. In August, 1850, he became Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th Rifles, and on the 28th September, 1852, he was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade and Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, on the death of the Duke of Wellington. His Royal Highness was granted letters of precedence next after the Queen on the 5th March, 1840, and was nominated a member of the Privy Council on the 11th of September, 1840. He was appointed Grand Ranger of Windsor-park in 1841, and received the Order of the Golden Fleece in April of that year. In April, 1842, he received the appointment of Lord Warden of the Stannaries and Chief Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall. He became Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle in May, 1843, and 1st and principal Knight Grand Cross and Acting Great Master of the Order of the Bath in June, 1843. He was also made High Steward of Plymouth in June, 1843, and Captain-General and Colonel of the Artillery Company in September of that year. His election as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge took place on the 27th of February, 1847. He was High Steward of New Windsor in June, 1850, and President of the Zoological Society in July, 1851. On the 19th of October, 1852, he was nominated Master of the Trinity House. In February, 1856, he was made Knight of the Order of the Seraphim by the King of Sweden. His creation as Prince Consort was effected by letters patent, dated the 2nd of July, 1857; and he was elected President of the Horticultural Society in February, 1858.

THE FUNERAL OF PRINCE ALBERT.—We are authorised to state that the funeral of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort will take place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Monday next, at twelve o'clock, and that in accordance with the understood wishes of his late Royal Highness the funeral will be a private one.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.—Three days later news have been brought by the Bohemian, which reached Liverpool on Wednesday. President Lincoln is represented to say that his intention is to preserve a prudent policy in relation to foreign countries. The steamer brings some important correspondence between the Federal Government and various European Powers. It appears that Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet offered to accept the declaration of the Paris Conference against privateering, provided that England and France would include the Southern Confederacy in the new arrangement; but as they declined to do this, the negotiations fell to the ground. There is also some correspondence between Mr. Seaward and Mr. Adams with reference to the position of England; it terminates with a declaration on the Secretary of State's part, that if this country obtains from all interference with American affairs, the Federal Government will be satisfied as to its friendly intentions. Austria, Prussia, and Spain had refused to recognise the Confederate States,—the first two in very decided language. Another interesting item of news is that, under the supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury, measures are to be adopted to export cotton and other crops from the Southern States. The negroes, who but the other day were slaves, are to be employed in this service, and will receive wages.

The Federal Government has ordered the release of a fugitive slave confined at Washington. The Unionists of East Tennessee have routed a large Confederate force at Morristown, killing large numbers. Advice from Port Royal state that the regiment which made a reconnoissance towards Charleston went within twenty miles of the city and captured three batteries, the guns of which they spiked. They found quantities of cotton, but the Confederates were destroying much of that article. The party returned in safety. An attack on Fort Pulaski, Savannah, is hourly expected. There are no other items of foreign news specially interesting.

MARY NEWELL.—The domestic servant who, while living at Bessborough-gardens, ran away with some of her master's property, and was found at Great Yarmouth disguised as a young gentleman, was tried for the felony, at the Middlesex sessions this week. The defence set up was that the girl had an absurd craving for the romantic and committed the offence while labouring under a delusion. The jury, however, found her guilty, and Mr. Bodkin sentenced her to eighteen months' hard labour.

THE BANK OF DEPOSIT.—The inquiry before the Master of the Rolls continues. So far Lord Keane, Lord G. Paget, and Major Adair, Directors of the Company have been the only parties examined—they do not appear to have known much of the various transactions of the "Bank." Mr. Peter Morrison having been, as it would appear, the Alpha and Omega of the concern, and the real "director" of everything: the WINDHAM INQUIRY continues and is likely to last for many days; as summonses for 250 witnesses have been issued; the evidence is mainly directed to show a continual deviating on the part of the subject of the inquiry from the usual recognized habits of some individuals. Various tutors and other gentlemen who had opportunities of observing the alleged lunatic's conduct at Eton and elsewhere, gave evidence on behalf of the petitioners.

MURDER AT COVENTRY.—Henry Beamish, charged with murdering his wife and child at Coventry, by the administration of poison, was, on Wednesday, before the Midland Circuit Court convicted, and sentenced to death.

THE QUEEN.—The latest reports of the health of Her Majesty the Queen are satisfactory. She has not left Windsor, and is likely to stay there until after the funeral, which takes place on Monday.

FORGERY.—Henry Wells Young, a solicitor, carrying on business at 14, Gray's Inn-square, has been committed to trial for forging certain transfers of stocks in order to defraud the Bank of England.

DR. SOUTHWOLD SMITH.—This eminent medical and sanitary reformer is dead. He died on the 10th at Florence of bronchitis, aged 73 years.





TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. W.—A special license of marriage must be procured, we believe, from Doctors' Commons, and at some expense. There must be two witnesses present at the marriage. In the case of a marriage between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, there must be three weeks' previous residence in the parish. The Protestant registrar must be present at the marriage.
- R.—An attempt to bribe a public officer is of course illegal. A tinsman at Plymouth was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £100 for offering a minister £250 to procure him the place of land-surveyor.
- AN. AGRICULTURE.—It is quite true. In 1814 the newspapers recorded the case of twelve cows having eaten some branches of the yew tree. Six of them were found dead near the spot.
- A. FREEMAN.—Napoleon the First did much the same thing. On one occasion he prohibited the circulation of English newspapers in France.
- B. F. A.—We received your note too late to answer your question last week. The five cities of Pentapolis were Sodom, Gomorrah, Adama, Seboim, and Segor. But there was more than one Pentapolis. The five cities of the Pentapolis of Egypt were Berenice, Arsinoe, Ptolemais, Cyrene, and Apollonia.
- A. S. S.—You think us too violent in our politics, and wish us to lower our tone. Others think us too mild. Pope, the poet, was pleased to find himself the object of such opposite complaints.
- In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories called me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
- Our ambition is to be honest and fair. We are for free institutions, especially a Free Press; and, though we hate all strictly Tory measures, there are some Tory men for whom we cannot but feel great respect personally, though we still think them pitifully mistaken in their political views.
- R. F. F. A.—The two paragraphs in our last about the *criteria* of cattle commenced erroneously with the word *criteria*. It was simply an error of the press. If an editor were very sensitive about such mistakes, the frequency of them in the best regulated papers would be very trying indeed. If he means to compliment a singer on a song *excellently* sung, he may find himself condemning it as *excessively* sung. As to the errors of sense and grammar into which a writer is sometimes thrown by a compositor, they would try the patience of a Job. B. H. tells us of a poet who was so affected by the discovery of a gross error of the press in a poem of his that he was about to present to the Pope, that he went home, fell ill, and died. It is well that "the gentlemen of the press" are generally made of sterner stuff.

All business letters and orders for advertisements must be addressed to Mr. William Oliver, publisher, 13, Catherine-street, Strand, in whose favour Post office orders, payable at the Strand office, must be drawn.

All communications in the literary and news departments to be addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," as above.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' 13, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

ALL England is sympathising with the great domestic calamity which has just befallen our beloved Sovereign, who had not recovered from the loss of a parent before she was doomed to lose a husband. The Prince Consort died of gastric fever at ten minutes to eleven on Saturday last. Her Majesty may now say, with Queen Elizabeth that England is her husband, and England will be the father of her children. No British Sovereign was ever so firmly enthroned in the hearts of her people as Queen Victoria.

Our beloved Sovereign will this year pass the saddest Christmas of her life, and what with our sympathy for the Royal Widow and her fatherless children, and our sincere sorrow at the loss of the male head of British society, so fitted for his high place by his sound intellect and rare good sense, and discretion, and self-restraint, and elegant accomplishments and gentlemanly manners, and generous patronage of all the arts and sciences, liberal and utilitarian. Every loyal Englishman will remember, amidst his household mirth at this season of festivity, that the proudest home in the land is darkened, and he will feel that his own cheerfulness cannot or ought not to be quite unclouded by an event that may be characterised as a national calamity, and every visitor, home and foreign, to the Great International Exhibition of 1862, will be reminded of the princely heart, now cold in death, which, if it had been spared for a few months more, would have throbbled with emotions of pride and pleasure at the completion and success of the noble institution which must reflect so much honour upon his adopted country, and be so conducive to the progress of the elegant and industrial arts.

The suddenness of Prince Albert's death in the prime of life has added to the force of the impression upon the public mind. It is a sad reminder of the truth we are so apt to forget, that "in the midst of life we are in death;" and of the old truism, also, of the classical poet, that the King of Terrors makes no distinctions in his visits to mankind, but knocks alike at the lofty portals of the palace and at the cottager's little wicker gate. In the destinies of humanity coming events do not always throw their shadows before. We know when the trees are to wither and the flowers are to fade. We prepare for the winter. But death has no fixed season. He comes alike in youth and in age, in sickness and in health. It is comforting to hear that her Majesty has met her terrible bereavement with heroic and Christian fortitude, and that she does not forget that she has yet much to live for—her children and her people.

We cannot help wishing that the present misunderstanding between England and America were not quite so much involved in mere legal questions and quibbles that it would take many months at least to bring to a satisfactory solution, if fairly and fully discussed by both parties. If we interpret international law for ourselves, and take up our swords to give effect to our decision, before listening to what the Americans

have to plead in justification, we may give them just grounds to complain of our precipitancy and unfairness; while, on the other hand, so much may be urged on both sides, that we might be playing the game of our opponents if, by protracted discussion, we allowed them to gain time to put themselves into a better position to defy us. The whole affair, while the matter is one of argument, is replete with difficulties and contradictions on both sides, and each party is equally satisfied that the opposite one is in the wrong. The Americans tell us that the English have always insisted most arrogantly on the right of search, and used it too freely, and now object to the law being turned against themselves. The English retort that the Americans, having refused to recognise that right, even went to war with them on that very question, and cannot now claim that right without the grossest inconsistency. The British Government acknowledged the Southerners as belligerents, and her Majesty Queen Victoria issued a proclamation, warning all her subjects against "carrying officers, soldiers, dispatches, &c., for the use of the said contending parties," and yet, say the Americans, the Britishers put Captain Williams upon the back for having had the courage to receive on board the Trent dispatches and ambassadors from the Southern States. But again, say the English people, Messrs. Slidell and Mason were not ambassadors but refugees, or at least innocent and peaceful passengers, under the protection of the British flag. The Americans call them rebels, and yet act as if they were belligerents; for if they were simply rebels a British ship was to them a sanctuary or asylum. If they are to be treated as belligerents the Northerners at once admit the claims of the Southerners to be regarded as independent foemen. One complaint, again, on the part of the Federal Government is on the ground that we recognised the Southern "rebels" as belligerents, and yet, if we had not done so, what need had we to recognise the blockade? Both parties, in fact, are in a mess, and, as mere controversialists, are obliged to change positions and bandy charges of inconsistency and unfairness. Our own law authorities are doubtless in our favour, but it is to be feared that the American lawyers will come to an opposite decision, and "who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The momentous question of peace and war will, after all, perhaps, be settled with little reference to the opinions of the lawyers on either side. Neither of the disputants are really inclined to fight if war can possibly be avoided without loss of honour. Perhaps the question may be referred to the peaceful arbitration or kind offices of a third power. The Federal Government, already sufficiently embarrassed with a formidable foe and a heavy public debt, and the necessity of raising two hundred and twenty millions within the next three months, will hardly think it worth its while to quarrel with England at so critical a juncture, for the sole advantage of retaining the possession of a couple of Southern prisoners. It would be paying too much for its whistle. If the question of peace or war were put to the vote of an American mob, no doubt there would be a vast majority in favour of a bloody arbitrament, but it will happily be decided by men who are likely, while feeling the awful responsibility under which they act, to consult their own deliberate judgment rather than their first impulsive feelings. And the Americans can certainly say that if the English now wish to limit or abandon the right of search, it is an acknowledgment that England's former opinion and example on this point are not to be defended, and something may thus be gained, not only to the Americans, but to the whole civilized world, if the vexed question of the right of search be brought to a more satisfactory settlement.

Since writing the above, intelligence of an unpleasant character has been received from America, calculated to discourage our hopes of an amicable termination of the matter of dispute. We know that the populace of America, and but too many influential persons there had so far expressed a hostile feeling towards England by greeting Captain Wilkes with shouts of applause and exultation, that it would require some firmness and courage on the part of the Government to deliver up the prisoners and tender us an apology, but we fully expected that the votes of the Congress would be in favour of a peaceful issue. We now learn to our sorrow that not only has the Congress passed a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes, but that the Admiralty of the Northern Republic has approved of the capture of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, only slightly objecting that he did not also capture the Trent and take her into an American port. All neutral vessels, under similar circumstances, are in future to be captured. This seems almost to settle the question of peace or war. The only hopeful fact is that the President has not yet committed himself to any avowed opinion on the subject. However, it is perhaps but too clear that we must prepare ourselves for the worst, and reluctant as England has yet been to embroil her hands in blood, she will now very speedily show that she is as ready to punish insult and protect the honour of her flag, when necessary, as she was before anxious to obtain satisfaction by a courteous though resolute negotiation. England was never stronger, and America never weaker than at this moment. If the Southerners gave the Northerners so much trouble when there was no third party, what will the Southerners not be able to effect, when the chief resources of the Federalists will be employed in a vain defence against the overpowering assaults of the gallant Britishers by land and sea? We are satisfied that the struggle however severe will be of brief duration.

MUSIC.

In anticipation of Christmas we commonly look forward to much of novelty in a musical sense; and the signs of the times favor the supposition that we shall not be disappointed. At the same time the nature of the publications issued will no doubt be materially modified by the recent national loss in the death of one so illustrious under the various aspects of his career, as the Prince Consort. The following *resumé* comprises a portion of the New Music which has recently appeared:—

1. *Three Choral Songs*. "Good Morrow to my Lady bright." By C. A. MACRONE. Novello.
2. "La Vivandiere," "La Prière d'une Mère," "The Angel's Harp." For the pianoforte. By J. THEODOR TREKKE. Chappell and Co.
3. "Six Christmas Carols," with pianoforte or organ accompaniment. Edited by W. BIRCH. Boosey.
4. *The Blue Bells of Scotland*. Arranged for the Pianoforte. By J. L. HATTON. Boosey and Sons.

These will certainly hold their rank as among the very best things of the season. Mr. Birch is an admirable harmonist, and has acquitted himself throughout with the conscientiousness of a true musician. Among the most captivating of these carols is that famous one, "God rest ye, merry Christians!" Even the sadness of its minor key is lost sight of in its general treatment, and we feel that its repetition can never be attended with tedium. We shall hope in the "pauses of the night" to be not unfrequently and pleasantly disturbed by this delightful carol. "Nowell, Nowell!" "Christians awake!" and others of the collection savour of the time-honoured festivities of the past, so rife of simplicity, pathos, and quaint appeals to our most cherished associations. There is so much completeness in this collection of carols, that we cannot for a moment doubt its extensive popularity.

Unless in the hands of a master this old and favourite theme must necessarily suffer. But thanks to Mr. Hatton, his "bright" and beautiful introduction, the delicacy of his "coda," and the spirit in which he has harmonised his materials render this new version peculiarly acceptable.

Notes

ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"A world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—As you like it.

The fifth Winter Concert at the Crystal Palace was of exceeding interest. Among the new compositions, Reber's overture to "Noel," and Schubert's "Rosamunde" were introduced; and charming Miss Arabella Goddard's first appearance this season is also a "novelty" well worth recording. Mr. Manns deserves great praise for the way in which Haydn's symphony was given; and it is hardly necessary to say how exquisitely the Concerto in C of Mendelssohn, and Litz's Fantasia were executed by Miss Goddard. Her delicacy and certainty of fingering, and what may be termed her continuous power over the slow movements are beyond all praise. The singers were Miss Maria Stanley and M. De la Haye, both of whom were heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace. The lady is a mezzo-soprano, and with practice of her art bids fair to arrive at proficiency. M. De la Haye is a tenor who may improve upon acquaintance, for his voice, which is a tenor, and well trained, appeared somewhat (probably from nervousness) weak. His style, too, lacks energy and fire. The concert was remarkably well attended.

Grisi is to make a last adieu to the scene of her triumph, this day (the 21st) in Dublin. Her success, during her stay in the Irish capital has been extraordinary, her performances having comprised "Rigoletto," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Norma," "Trovatore," "Don Giovanni," and "Un Ballo in Maschera." A Mademoiselle Dario has much distinguished herself at these performances. She possesses a soprano of very pure quality and extensive range.

Richard Wagner's Opera of "Tristan and Isolde" is not to be produced in the Austrian capital. It is discovered to be innocent of everything like melody, and is so trying to the human voice that the artists, one and all, declare they will have nothing to do with it. Had they been "Screech Owls" they might have been more accommodating; but to sacrifice their vocal organs in order to please the composer of the "Music of the Future" (?) would be rather too much. Wagner is to be paid a sort of "hush money" for his silence. It is said the "Tannhauser" cost the Theatre Lorraine at Paris 560,000 francs, and yet it was only performed three times.

M. Musard has been at Pesth with his exceedingly common-place arrangement of Quadrilles and Waltzes, similar to those he favoured us with in London at St. James's Hall. The Germans were not likely to be satisfied, and "snubbed" him accordingly.

The "Colleen Bawn," in a new shape, has been introduced by Mr. John Parry to the habitués of the Gallery of Illustration. The present version (a pantomime and musical one), is, as far as the words are concerned, from the pen of Mr. H. J. Byron, and is a composition of much merit—witty but extremely elegant, and infused with pathetic touches which bring out an agreeable contrast in the comic narration. The music, arranged and selected by Mr. Parry and Mr. F. Musgrave, includes "Nora Creina," "Fly not yet," "The Harp that once," and other morceaux, all of them beautifully manipulated and sung with incomparable taste and effect by Mr.

John Parry. The narrative, too, is given as only he can give it—old and intimate; so *raucous* in some parts, so tender in others; so musician-like in all! The audience, of course, applaud him to the echo.

Now, has not been decided as to the reopening of her Majesty's Theatre in the spring; since Monsieur Barer objects to the advance of £7,000 immediately, as required by Lord Dudley, and therefore all is still in a state of positive uncertainty.

THE PANTOMIMES.

Madison Morton is writing a pantomime for Covent Garden (English Opera), on "Gulliver's Travels," in which W. H. Payne is to take a lead. Mr. Calcott paints the scenery. At Drury Lane, Mr. E. H. Blanchard is inditing something more than usually "taking" on "The House that Jack built," and "Mother Hubbard and her wonderful dog," the whole to be illustrated by Beverley. "Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue" are to figure at the Haymarket under Mr. Buckstone's (the author's) auspices. Mr. H. J. Byron produces "Whittington and his Cat" at the Princess's. "Perseus and Andromeda" furnish Mr. W. Brough a theme for the St. James's. "Little Red Riding Hood," by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, will be given at the Lyceum. "Cherry and Fair Star" at Sadler's Wells. "Puss in Boots" at the Strand. "Heyiddle-diddle," &c., at the Surrey; the pantomime combining a very pretty German tale about "Twelve Daring Princesses" to add to its attraction. The preparations are altogether on a most magnificent scale.

FINE ARTS.—At the Royal Academy, Mr. A. B. Donaldson has taken the gold medal for historical painting; Mr. G. Slater has received that for historical sculpture; and Mr. Watson has taken one in architecture. Messrs. Taylor, Gray, and Richmond were presented with silver medals for drawings from the life; Messrs. Burrell and Wyon, for models; and Mr. Calcott for a painting from the draped model. Messrs. Smith, Thomas Tomlinson, Scappa, and Ridge, were rewarded for their drawings from the antique, &c., and Mr. Davis for his model from the same.

Literature.

Pulmonary Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Coughs, and various other Diseases of the Chest, successfully treated by Medicated Inhalation. By ALFRED BEAUMONT MADDOCK, M.D. Tenth Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

There is a great deal of useful information in this book on what has been emphatically called the *English disease*. It is computed that about 60,000 persons die annually in this country of this insidious and terrible evil. We need not wonder that the book before us has reached a tenth edition, when it is an attempt to show, in spite of the general opinion to the contrary, that consumption is curable—that "science has at length fairly grappled with this inveterate enemy to mankind, and has triumphed." Dr. Maddock is right to call it the enemy of mankind, for it is far, indeed, from limiting its unwelcome visits to the English people, or to any one country, or preferring any one kind of climate. If it is so great a scourge in "the cold and cloudy clime" of England, it is perhaps a still greater scourge in the sultry atmosphere of Bengal. Perfectly sound lungs are a rare blessing indeed in that country.

Dr. Maddock condemns the old treatment of affections of the lungs, and insists upon the adoption of the direct application of medicine to the seat of the disease through the instrumentality of medicated inhalations. He does not regard inhalation as a catholicon possessed of the power of overcoming the disease in every stage and under all circumstances—because there must be occasional failures in the treatment of all diseases; but he has reason to exult at the number of lives which he has saved by the means he has himself employed, and which he recommends to others. He has shown that a patient with very strong symptoms of phthisis need not despair of prolonged life and a perfect cure.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

CHRISTMAS is again upon us, with its family réunions and festive gatherings—its combination of warm feelings and good cheer, of veneration and love towards the great Founder of the blessed festival, and charity for all mankind. It will be a sad reflection upon the professors of that creed whose Divine teacher came eighteen hundred and sixty-one years ago to proclaim as a religion of brotherhood and affection, of "peace on earth, good will towards men," if the two most advanced nations in the world, who approach the nearest in their forms and modes of worship to each other, should inaugurate their Christmas-day by a declaration of war—by threats of fire and sword. May the spirit of the season calm the turbulent passions at work, and lead the rulers of both nations into a due consideration of their duties and responsibilities, with a proper conception of the bond which connects them as members of a great Christian commonwealth, with a common language and a common faith.

Blessed be Christmas, and far be war, or the rumours of war, to mar its quiet enjoyment in hall or cottage, in country or in town. It is the season when the landmarks of social and political life, which separate men into classes and factions, are for a time removed, and the levelling spirit of Christianity penetrates the heart and finds vent in kind words and charitable actions. Everywhere throughout "Merry England" ere our next publication goes to the press the celebration of the advent of Him who came to comfort and to save, to humanize and to bless, to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, will have been appropriately consummated. It is one prime characteristic of this, the greatest of our Christian festivals, that there is nothing ascetical or gloomy in its celebration. As befits its origin it is made up of cheerful piety and household enjoyment in which the old and the young of all stations and conditions of life give themselves up to innocent recreation. Whether in this great metropolis, be it the humblest dwelling, or the proudest mansion, whether in the palace of the proud landed aristocrat, or the thatched cabin of the humblest clodpole, whether in the spacious mansion of the great merchant and manufacturer of Manchester and Liverpool, or the cottage of the humblest worker or workhouse-man; whether on the banks of the St.

Lawrence or the Ganges, in torrid or temperate Zones, on the blazing coast of Sierra Leone, or amidst the gold diggings of Australia and New Zealand; wherever English men or English women are congregated, there will the savoury joint, and the time-honoured plum pudding show their dainty but substantial faces; and, even the deepest poverty and the darkest crime will for the time be called upon to join in the celebration of the birthday of the "heaven-born child," as "Old England's ancient fare" is served up to the inmates of both workhouse and prison.

And, then, what a glorious time for the young people is this blessed holiday period! While paterfamilias and his elder cronies are discussing old friendships and conjuring up old associations over the wine and walnuts, and paterfamilias is indulging a little pleasant gossip with the "old familiar faces" brought again together by the mesmeric attraction of the season, the "rising generation" are in the drawing-room, under the mistletoe, or with quips and cranks, puzzles or charades, and other cheerful games and amusements, killing time with smiles and laughter, and laying the foundation of that friendship which, though begun in fun and frolic, may last a lifetime, and colour the whole future of existence.

We had expected but one dark shadow to have thrown its blackness over the light and cheer of our Christmas hearths. We have been sadly deceived. Not alone does the prospect of a war with our kinsmen of America tend to chill what we had every reason to suppose should be a "happy Christmas," but sorrow and woe have entered the highest dwelling in our land. Death, who is no respecter of persons, who comes often when and where least expected, and is the great democrat leveller who reduces prince and peasant to the same common level, has entered the royal palace at Windsor, and stricken down, in the prime of life, the husband of the greatest monarch in the world—one who had done much to endear himself to the country which had become his by adoption, and of whom still greater things were expected. It will be no merry Christmas in the Royal circle, and the gloom which has fallen upon the Court, thus suddenly deprived of its wisest head and greatest ornament will fall upon the whole land from the mansion of the proudest aristocrat to the meanest dwelling; still as death is the sure allotment of all living, and as Christ came to deprive the grave of its horrors and the great destroyer of his sting, let us not be downcast or faint hearted, but do justice to the season in the spirit enjoined by the great founder of the feast, by a kinder feeling towards our fellow creatures, a more open handed charity, and the resolutely "doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us"—in short by becoming in practice, as in theory, Christians animated to good actions by a cheerful and loving faith.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The merriest day of all the year has come again, and the hoary-headed gentleman, known as Father Christmas, salutes us from every possible quarter. He greets us from every corner of the streets, on the playbills; he shakes his jolly sides at us in the poultry market; and his wine-bibbing, warm-hearted, rubicund countenance beams out upon us from the butcher's-shop windows. His attendant squires, roast goose and plum pudding, are preparing themselves to do the honours of the occasion; and juveniles are gloating over visions of the glories of enormous plateful of the latter. The famous Jack Horner is sitting in his little nook busy sucking the thumb which is so soon to be plunged into that seasonable pie of his. Youths and maidens have been haunted for the past days—how long by anticipations of accidental meetings under the fatal mistletoe, and the serious consequences of such meetings. Cash-books and ledgers are for a time consigned to their iron prisons, and paterfamilias have given themselves and their young men a holiday. They have shaken off the counting-house, and have determined to forget pounds, shillings, and pence for one day. The paupers in the workhouse are in high glee about their extra pot of beer and extra dinner; the purpers in the streets are reaping a rich harvest of largess. Everybody seems determined to enjoy him or herself thoroughly, and to make of the 25th of December a "merry Christmas."

Old fogie: leave foggydom and become children again in the happy associations of this, of all days in the three hundred and sixty-five. The sharp-biting wind which freezes our lakes and rivers seems to have an opposite tendency upon the human heart, and to soften it down to the acknowledgment of the kinship of the world. Man and man meet as fellow-beings, and forget that there are such things as conventional barriers between their daily lives. With reason it is that on this day the heart is opened to human sympathies; for—

"A star arose in Bethlehem

Upon this holy morn,

And in a lowly manger there

The sweet God-child was born."—GLORIA DEO.

Many of the old customs of the day have become obsolete. In those good old times of which we have heard so much, the boar hunt occupied the day and the boar's head garnished the festive table in the evening. The walls were decorated with holly, ivy, and bays, as are our churches in the present time. Another ancient custom—which has a representative with us—was that of almsgiving. The lord and lady of the manor, attended by their general and other servants, met the poor of their parish at the door of the manor. A carol was then sung, generally with a few improvised verses in honour of the lord and lady. Then the Seneschal proceeds to distribute clothing, money, and provisions, to the poor and needy. Our own philanthropists do much the same thing, only the services of a Seneschal are dispensed with, so far as the almsgiving goes; and as for the carol the good folks are too much troubled about their own affairs to pretend to be exceedingly happy about anything. The custom of mumming or masquerading now exists only in some few obscure places in England and in some parts of Scotland. The troubadours and minstrelsy have gone the way of all mortality, though we can trace somewhat of a resemblance to them in the gentlemen who we first begin to hear about a week before Christmas, fling, tramping, and fiddling away under our windows in the cold midnight. But the glory of the waits is departed. They are endured not enjoyed. People who have to rise betimes of a morning do not care about being startled out of their first sleep, or frightened into a nightmare by the breaking in upon their slumbers of a number of roving fiddlers, out of tune and out at elbows, strumming away as if they were determined to astonish Morpheus himself with the heartrending strains of "Old Bob

Billy." In the Strand, and that tottering young lady "the Pensive Flower," whose memory is the continual bane of every quietly disposed person's nerves. Given the kindly wish of "a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" which is shouted at the end of the shrill voice of the shrillest member of each particular body of "waits" is listened to with something like a shiver of horror, as cold, as it is wafted upon the keen night air into the chamber of some disturbed sleeper. We have a feeling of commiseration for those unfortunate "waits," notwithstanding their nightly discords, and we have a warm corner underneath our waistcoat for those merry days of yore.

"When pith of limb was a man's most need,

And an honest heart was known by its deed."

Indeed, if it were possible to carry with us our steam engines, railways, and telegraphs, we could almost wish to go back to that jolly old time when Father Christmas brought with him the maddest of revels and the heaviest of snows. By the way, he seems recently to have been investing in razors, and to have shown himself of that great white beard of his which afforded our boyhood an infinite degree of delight in the shape of snow-balls. We don't like those slushy, muddy, sleety apologies for the real old-fashioned snow-clad Christmas-days. It takes away part of our relish for the plum-pudding, which to our thinking used to have a special flavour upon this day. Where are they all gone to? And where is the yulelog and the fun of bringing it home? Where is that steamy bowl of spiced ale, sugar, toast, and crab-apples which used to be borne about from house to house with a good wish in its very name of Wassail? The Wassail bowl belongs, properly speaking, to the New Year, but it was often indulged in at Christmas as well. It takes its name from the salutation of Rowena daughter of Hengist, to Vortigern, King of Britain. In presenting him with a bowl of wine, she said, or is supposed to have said, "Waesthall!" or "Health to you." However, Christmas still brings us mirth and good-fellowship, roast beef and sweetmeats, kisses and plum-pudding, with the holly and mistletoe. It still brings comfort to many a sad heart, and consolation to the afflicted. So, with his attendant joys and sorrows, fun and frolic, give him a welcome—

"Pile the fire with log and thorn,

Pluck the green holly this Christmas morn;

Rejoice ye weary and forlorn,

'Tis the day that Love was born."

CRYSTAL PALACE POULTRY, RABBIT, AND PIGEON SHOW.

The Winter Exhibition of Poultry, &c., attracted a large number to the Crystal Palace last week, when the show opened, the number of poultry pens in use being upwards of nine hundred. The better part of these were devoted to Spanish, Dorking, Cochins, Hamburgs, and game fowls, for which the greatest number of prizes were offered, and some very fine specimens of each breed were set forth. The principal prizes among the Spanish variety were awarded to Miss M. L. Kake, and Messrs. Hubbard, Martin, and Lane, while nine other prizes were given, and of the remaining seventy-nine lots exhibited twenty nine came in for special recommendation. The Dorkings were the most numerous, represented of the whole species, and of the score of prizes offered, the Lady L. Thynne, Mrs. Beadmore, Mr. Joseph Paxton, M. P., Captain W. Hornby, R. W., and Messrs. Garrard and Antill came in for the greatest share. Fifty-five pens were demanded of the ninety-one lots of the cochins variety on view, the six of Miss Musgrave, and Messrs. Tomlinson, Stretch, Ta man, Chas., and Kel again secured the principal awards, the white species of Mr. Chase being specially admired. The Hamburgs exhibited were also greatly commended of their class, and as usual, this variety had the greatest share of attention drawn to them. The best prizes were gained by Messrs. Robinson, Nutall, Wood, Martin, Mann, Lane, Hyde, Hope, and Dixon, the last named of whom secured two of the four head prizes offered for the Polish species with his gold and silver fowls, and "ran second" for the "black, with white crests." Among the exhibitors of game fowls Messrs. J. Canin, Monson, Matthew, Cox, Parker, Archer, Langdale, Danson, and Ballard especially distinguished themselves and the three first prizes for Brahma Pootras were awarded to the Lady L. Thynne, Mr. R. Teebay, and Mr. J. H. Craigie respectively. Mr. C. Ballance and Mr. Kewsey gained the first and second prizes of the eleven exhibitors of Malays; and from some distinct species of birds, of which there were twenty-three pens exhibited, Messrs. Hutton, Baker, W. Danson, and Lady L. Thynne were awarded the four prizes offered, while six other lots were commended. For seven varieties of Lantans fifteen prizes were offered for competition, and these attracted seventy-nine exhibitors, of whom the most successful were Messrs. Bayly, Lewis, Hutton, Postans, Forest, and Mrs. Green. Among the six lots of pheasants, the gold and silver specimens of Mr. C. S. Betty and Mrs. Pattison, who were awarded the first and second prizes, were two of the finest pairs ever seen, and there was a complete round the pens in which they were shown during the first day of the exhibition. The geese, ducks, turkeys, and ornamental water fowl were not a numerous lot, but they were very select; the turkeys especially, of the lot shown by Mr. R. Brand four of them obtained prizes out of the six offered. In the department for pigeons 31 pens were shown, six prizes being offered for pouters, croppers, ten for carriers, two for dragons, three for rams and tumblers, eight for short-faced specimens of no ties, bald-heads, beards and tumblers, three for turbits, three for fantails, two for snaws, two for Jacobins, and two for owls, and the lot offered for exhibition among the last-named were the most beautiful ever shown. The prizes were awarded to Mr. Henry Morris, and Mr. McGregor Hake, but almost all the others would have a fine prize at a minor show. The pouters were also highly spoken of by the judges, those of Messrs. Evans and McGregor Hake especially; and among the carrier class the ja ge spoke specially of the black and dun birds of Mr. P. Gee, in addition to awarding them the first and second prizes of that color. Among the other exhibitors who distinguished themselves in the pigeon department may be mentioned Messrs. Colley, Graham, Stevens, Corker, Esquilant, Archer, Percival, Nichols, Key, Cook, J. Baily, Jun., Jones, Green, and Moore, some of whom were more or less successful at the Birmingham show the preceding week. The rabbits, of which there were but 110 pens shown, were hardly up to their usual mark, but there were some good ones shown, and among them the black and white and tortoiseshell, exhibited respectively by Messrs. Stedman and J. Morris, Jun., which gained the first and second prizes of their class. Messrs. Andrews, Baily, and Hewitt were the judges of poultry; Messrs. Bellamy and Cotter of pigeons; and Messrs. Fox, Bousden, and Webster of rabbits.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.—The commissioners were busily occupied up to a late hour on Saturday with the allotment of space. They had purposed getting through the whole of this work in the week now past, but found it far heavier even than they had supposed. The classes now disposed of are:—Mining, quarrying, metallurgy, and mineral products; chemical substance and products, and pharmaceutical processes; railway plant, including locomotive engines and carriages; manufacturing machines and tools; machinery in general; agricultural and horticultural machines and implements; civil engineering, architectural and building contrivances; military engineering, armour and accoutrements, ordnance and small arms; naval architecture, ship's tackle; philosophical instruments and processes depending upon their use; surgical instruments and appliances; cotton; flax and hemp woven, spun, felted, and laid fabrics, when shown as specimens of printing or dyeing; skins, furs, feathers, and hair; paper, stationery, printing, and bookbinding; educational works and appliances; furniture and upholstery, including paperhangings and papier-maché; iron and general hardware; steel and cutlery and glass.

COMMODORE WILKES.

COMMODORE CHARLES WILKES, the Captain of the *San Jacinto*, is a native of New York, of which State he is a citizen, and from which State he was appointed to the Navy. He was born about the year 1805, and at the early age of thirteen entered the naval service, his original entry therein bearing date January 1, 1818. He stands, according to the last *Navy List*, No. 51 on the list of Captains, his present commission bearing date September 14, 1855. His sea-service under his present commission has been of short duration, his total sea-service being about ten years. He has been on shore and other duty about twenty-seven years, and has been unemployed about seven years, thus making his whole service under the Government of the United States about forty-four years. Previous to his present service his last duty at sea was in June, 1842. His principal employment from that time till he received the command of the *San Jacinto* was upon special duty at Washington.

Captain Wilkes is also noted as an explorer and navigator, having been appointed by the United States Government to the command of the naval expedition got up for the purpose of exploring the countries bordering on the Pacific and Southern Oceans. At this time his command consisted of a brig, two war-ships, and two smaller vessels, as tenders, Charles Wilkes having charge of the whole. Starting from New York, he pursued his route, *à la* Cape Horn, toward Australia and the neighbouring islands. He visited Singapore, Borneo, the Sandwich Islands, and the upper part of Oregon, &c., and returned to New York during the year 1842. This expedition lasted four years, having commenced in 1838. For the interesting discoveries made by the explorer the learned Geographical Society of London presented him with a gold medal, as a memento of their appreciation of his labours. Captain Wilkes has published several works on geographical research, the one on Western America being valuable as a volume for reference, the statistics, maps, and drawings being of the highest order.

On the arrival of the *San Jacinto* at Boston, with the Confederate Commissioners on board, a complimentary dinner was given to Captain Wilkes, and, in replying to the toast of his health, he said that previous to his decision to act as he did he consulted all the authorities—Kent, Wheaton, and Vattel—and satisfied himself that written dispatches from a belligerent were contraband on a neutral vessel; and he considered that, as rebel Ambassadors must be the embodiment of dispatches,

COMMODORE WILKES, COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES WAR-SHOOP *SAN JACINTO*.

it was his duty to arrest their progress, unless they could show proper passports from the Federal Government. This they could not do, and he detained them in custody. He was satisfied that the *Trent* was a legal prize of great value to his ship if taken, but there had been no dissenting voice on board his

vessel to the wisdom of the course he pursued. In the process of the arrest he was glad to say everything was conducted properly, and nothing occurred which would not do honour to the American Navy.

THE BAY AND CASTLE OF TERRACINA, NAPLES.

Our illustration of this week represents one of the most remarkable portions of the Southern Coast of the new Italian kingdom. The name of the district is well-known in connection with the celebrated bandit, "Fra Diavolo," so familiar to the *habitués* of the Opera; and the Bay of Terracina was signalised on a later occasion as the place whence the ex-King and Queen of Naples took their departure from the kingdom, out of which they had been driven after the fall of Gaeta.

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS.—At a meeting of the General Shipowners' Association, held at Cornhill, it was shown by several of the speakers that the British shipowner suffered severely in consequence of the unsatisfactory position of the question of the rights of neutrals. It was not known whether the American Government intended to respect neutral goods in neutral vessels. For this matter the British Government is alone answerable. The American Government proposed in 1856 to accept the Paris declaration, with the addition, "And that the private property of the subjects or citizens of a belligerent, on the high seas, shall be exempted from seizure by public armed vessels of the other belligerent, except it be contraband." The British Government rejected this proposition of the American Government. It is believed this same proposition was renewed, and again rejected by the British Government, within the last few months, as they did the proposition of the Americans to accede to the Paris declaration—pure and simple.

DEATH OF THE REV. PRINCIPAL CUNNINGHAM OF EDINBURGH.—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Cunningham, Principal of the Free College, Edinburgh. He was attacked by illness about ten days previously; but, though confined to his house for several days he was sufficiently recovered to attend his class on Monday week. Subsequently his malady assumed a more serious form and terminated in pleurisy. He expired at his house in Salisbury-road, to the great grief of his numerous friends, and persons of all denominations.



THE BAY AND CASTLE OF TERRACINA, NAPLES.

LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NARRATIVE OF HEDRICK HARGRAVES.

UPON arriving in Yorkshire to pay a long-promised visit to a very old friend, Sir Jeffrey Pelton was amazed to find that most extraordinary circumstances had totally changed the position of a family for which I had always had an extreme liking. Of course I mean the Falconridges. I found that Lady Falconridge had been dispossessed of her property, that it was in the hands of Lady Elfrida Falconridge, and that Lady Falconridge herself had been pronounced insane by a couple of doctors.

I also found changes at Pelton House.

I knew Sir Jeffrey's son and heir was dead, and I also knew that his nephew, the child of his sister, who had married a Spaniard, was the heir-at-law, but I did not know this nephew was domiciled with my old friend.

Full of reverence for the power of intellect, fully aware that intellect is the very god of daily existence, I yet allow my instincts to exert some influence over me. For instance, when I meet a person for the first time I do not watch for qualities which shall make me like or dislike him; but I let my instinct at once decide whether I then and there like or hate him. Nor let it be supposed that this admission involves any transcendental theory. By no means. I am far from say-

ing that my instinct having once decided for me that I blindly follow its dictates. By no means, I repeat. I then allow my intellect to come into play—allow myself to be impressed by the person whom my instinct has judged. It has very seldom happened that my intellect has reversed the decision of my instinct. I admit, however, it has on one or two occasions.

When I saw Juan Cintos for the first time, my instinct hesitated—I hesitated from the first moment I saw him till the last. I pity and love and hate him as I write; I am convinced he was good in himself, but his intellect had been perverted, perhaps, without once shocking him, or depriving him of the belief that he was an honest gentleman. By what hapless society he had been instructed I will not name. If one of the order, which does so pride itself upon the undivided power of intellect, reads these lines, let him ponder on this fact, that the more downright and simple any nation in which this order has attempted to settle and hold sway, the more rapidly has the order been expelled from that land. The simple instinct of the people has been more than a match for the highest development and exercise of intellectual power. I say I will not name the society; its members know the advantage I take by my reticence.

When I saw Lady Elfrida Falconridge I felt a repulsion. She was beautiful, charitable, polished, exquisite and most easy—possessed of all the apparent qualities of attraction, and yet I hated her. I saw the poor people about her accepting her gifts, and smiling in answer to her inquiries, and yet they

were never easy in her presence though she was so thoroughly at home in theirs. The instinct—the mysterious, God-given, and therefore undying instinct was as strong in those poor people as in myself.

I would sometimes allow my intellect to contend with that instinct. It was no use—the instinct remained. Under what conditions, I asked myself, would my aversion to this woman be overcome? I found my answer near her in Sir Harold Anwold. I learnt beyond a doubt that he had felt an aversion to her when first they met, and yet, soon after he was at her feet. He thought he was in love with her—poor fellow, he was in love with himself, with that self which Elfrida knew so well how to flatter. *Vanity* would conquer this instinct, and it had conquered Sir Harold Anwold.

Good heartedness too would attempt to overcome this instinct. But it was useless. Constance tried hard to love Elfrida, and she never did—never.

I learnt by Constance's diary, which I had a right to read, when I studied it, that she believed I had no suspicion of Lady Elfrida—that I held her in high respect, and that to hear it said she was soulless, (and she was as Faust himself,) would pain me. My poor Constance I guessed what you knew days before you heard Elfrida and Cintos whispering in the park.

When Pelton fell so mysteriously ill, I own that I was for a few hours quite unable to judge of the probable truth of things about me. Juan was so moved, so seriously moved by his uncle's illness, that I could not believe him in any way mixed



CRYSTAL PALACE POULTRY, RABBIT, AND PIGEON SHOW.

up with the baronet's malady, though the medical man of the village quite calmly told me, as the nearest adult friend of the baronet, that it seemed a case of poison.

It may be asked—why should I have suspected the lad? My answer is, that in cases of crime all in any way near it must endure suspicion till that is resolved into certainty.

"I can now quite understand why Juan was *really* moved—for my instinct did not fail me when it urged that he was weeping. As his crime was represented to him as a *good* act, it is clear he would look upon its consequences not as a criminal, but as a merciful agent committing a terrible duty.

Of my discovery of that unhappy attempt to poison Sir Jeffrey I need say nothing, for Constance has said enough; but I must point out how simple, natural, and easy were the means by which I discovered a crime constructed with wondrous ingenuity and perverted intellect—the work not only of a powerful woman, but of a man (as I afterwards learnt) a thousand times my intellectual superior, and who had past a long life in studying the intellectual philosophy and practice of a religious order which has been trying to perfect its intellectual dominion, and with utter non-success through three hundred years.

You will, of course, see the drift of Juan's questions to Elfrida, prompted by the same mind (that of the member of the order) which framed the answers. Juan was, as a Romanist,

led to believe that as Sir Jeffrey was a heretic, that the longer he lived the more certain the chance of his eternal condemnation, that as he could benefit the church, and one of the true church (himself) by Sir Jeffrey's death, his murder would be an exalted act of religion and charity. And thus he attempted it.

I write these words after the battle has been fought. Of course I have gradually pieced the whole together, perfecting it, perhaps, a near as it is to perfection, by the experience of even this day's knowledge. But I guessed much of it.

And my determination was this: *I would hunt down Lady Elfrida Falconridge*. I knew she was mixed up with the attempt upon Sir Jeffrey, though the only human creature, Constance, who could have resolved this doubt with certainty hid from me the truth she knew, and I determined this knowledge should be the basis of my contention with her.

My dream was to restore all things as they were prior to Lady Elfrida's coming—the relative positions of Constance and Sir Harold Anwold alone excepted.

The hope of restoring Lady Falconridge was strong within me, and this hope was not the result of my intellectual power, but that of an accident; the hope was built on the fall of a bronze vase.

Yes, I was determined to attempt the cure of Lady Falcon-

ridge by the force of such a simple circumstance; and my first act was to confer on the subject with Dr. Aspinwall.

He laughed at me at first—he finished by entertaining my idea, which I hid from Constance.

This resuscitation, so to speak, of Lady Falconridge, was the first of the exertions I hoped to make in carrying out the work of my life, and I was still pondering on it when the news arrived of Lady Elfrida's private marriage with Sir Harold Anwold.

This news was brought by a foreign gentleman who announced himself as a M. Herman. He said he was an artist.

But the information did not cause me to waver. "She has sinned," I thought; "and unless she repent she shall fall."

CHAPTER XXI.

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE.

THE proposition I had made to Dr. Aspinwall, and at which he had so heartily laughed was this. To cure Lady Falconridge by acute pain. Without at all binding myself to the principles of homœopathy, I had paid considerable attention to the theory that like destroys like. It is a principle in homœopathy, that a medicine which will cure a certain disease will produce it in a healthy subject. For instance, if *aur. vomica* is used to abate nausea, it will produce sickness if administered to a healthy person. Even the allopathists have recognised this

principle, and doctors are enabled to produce several diseases for which their united skill can find no remedy. *Diabetes*, for example, is a mortal complaint which may be described as a gradual resolution of the tissues of the body into a kind of sugar. For this no remedy, not even partial, has been ever found, and yet within the last two years medical science has been able to produce it in animals.

It was upon this principle that I based my hopes of curing Lady Falconridge. The argument I held with myself took its birth in the circumstance to which I have already referred, the change created for the better in Lady Falconridge by the presence of pain. It may be remembered that Lady Falconridge had been unable to recognise her daughter Constance a short time after an interview her ladyship had been forced to endure with Lady Elfrida Falconridge, when the fall of a bronze vase which cut Lady Falconridge's hand was immediately followed by her return to her usual consciousness, which to me seemed a perfect sanity with the exception of a slight and almost imperceptible dreaminess.

My argument was that as pain will create insanity in a sane human being, so pain might create sanity in a human being deprived of his reason, if that reason had not been destroyed by a shock, or pain, or gradual and unavoidable decay. Lady Falconridge's case seemed to me that of many which had come under my notice, an inexplicable and causeless madness which augured well in favour of the hope that no organic disease existed, and that the insanity arose from the illness of the brain, precisely as a weakened muscle is often the consequence of the absence of all exercise of that muscle. I need not say that my hopeful argument was admirably supported by the incident of Lady Falconridge and the bronze vase.

Dr. Aspinwall having been brought to listen to my argument on the ground that if it contained no truth it was equally free from harm, I proposed to that medical gentleman that, with the permission of the daughter, the mother should be submitted to an excruciating pain for some hours.

Dr. Aspinwall hesitated for some time, and then agreed to my proposition, making me promise, however, at no time to identify him, by name, with the experiment. I need not, therefore, say that the doctor figures in this page under an assumed name. He admitted to me that his experience of insanity (and in nine cases out of ten, in ninety-nine out of a hundred there is cause for insanity) told him that extreme pain was followed by extremely calm reaction and a quasi sanity on the part of the patient, and I have no doubt it was this experience which permitted him to entertain my proposition.

The first thing to be done was to obtain the consent of Constance to the experiment. It was explained to her, and as she heard the doctor's and my words she became horribly pale; but when we had finished she readily answered in the affirmative, keeping her eyes on me as she spoke to Dr. Aspinwall. The poor girl, actually she smiled as she spoke, though I saw by the action of her face that her heart had almost stopped in its pulsations.

"You do everything for the best, Hedrick," she said, calling me by my Christian name for the first time since she had been grown up, "and whatever may happen I cannot blame you."

I remember, for we are all selfish, that though we were conversing on so momentous a subject, that my heart beat when she called me Hedrick, and, indeed, I think she knew that the kind word had deeply moved me. Aspinwall hid his mouth with his hand. I have no doubt he was laughing. I have never learnt to this day whether it was so or not, but candidly I have never felt that he had much to laugh at.

The plan Dr. Aspinwall adopted was singularly simple, and I must draw attention once again to the extreme simplicity and the practical nature of all the means taken by me, and those working with me, to procure all the ends I had in view while opposing the interests of Lady Elfrida. Not one of these means is beyond the ordinary daily life of those who read this page, or which could not be put into rational practice.

Lady Falconridge was thrown into a sleep by a narcotic draught previous to the commencement of the operation, if the simple experiment is worthy of that title. The act was accomplished in a few moments. Dr. Aspinwall laid bare with a brilliant stroke of his lancet one of the smaller nerves of the arm and dropped on the wound a few drops of extremely diluted muriatic acid. I give the very substance used. I do really scorn to shroud myself in the mysteries of such unmeaning expressions as "powders," "drugs," and "medicaments."

The poor lady awoke with a horrible tremor. We know what follows the application of a little common salt upon a slight cut, or chap on the back of the hand, it may therefore be easily comprehended that the application of a vivid acid to a bare nerve would create horrible torture.

Of course I was not present when the experiment was performed. Constance stood by the side of her mother, saw the entire terrible operation, witnessed its effects, and endured the agony of seeing her mother throughout her martyrdom. It is from that dear lady I learnt the particulars of this chapter in Lady Falconridge's life.

I am not here to endeavour to harrow up the feelings of those who read these chapters, written and compiled with the full intention of publication and in the very columns in which they are perused. I am here to state the plain facts of a remarkable history, the greater particulars of which must have come before the public in the shape of a law report, a celebrated trial, had not circumstances, fortunately or otherwise, as the case may be, prevented an appeal to English law, which, however imperfect, is assuredly sufficiently effective to combat and overcome the very highest intellectual crime.

Constance told me that the first effect of that horrible operation was a profuse and cold perspiration which burst from all parts of the patient's skin. The poor lady quivered with pain. She did not wander in her recognition of Constance throughout the hours which the pain lasted.

I will continue the recital of Lady Falconridge's ordeal without further reference to my informant, Constance.

By the time the effect of the acid had passed off, Dr. Aspinwall was once more at Lady Falconridge's bedside. She had fallen into a sweet sleep, and when the doctor saw her, he started, his face slightly coloured, and then his face wore a smile. That harbinger of hope, however, was followed by great hesitation. At last, however, he took a determination, and, once more baring the patient's arm, he again applied a drop or so of the terrible acid.

The unhappy lady again awoke, and once more a similar series of symptoms were experienced.

Lady Falconridge again awoke, Dr. Aspinwall, who had

not left Ravelin since the second application of the acid, visited her bedside. The expression of satisfaction on his face was still more decided.

A third time did Dr. Aspinwall apply the acid; saying, however, that he should not repeat the act under any circumstances whatever.

Lady Falconridge, who by this time had been deprived of sleep for very many hours, once more awoke in agony; but nature could stand no more. The poor lady fell back insensible upon her bed. Her daughter at first thought death had released her; but Dr. Aspinwall, who had not quitted the room, immediately assured her that the insensibility was only an evidence that nature was healthy and asserting her functions.

A few minutes, and Lady Falconridge was once more existing—existing as she had not lived for months; herself once more. During the paroxysms, as I have said, shedid not waver in her recognition of her daughter, but the gaze she kept upon her was hard and cold. But upon recovering from her fainting fit, her eyes were soft and loving, and when she spoke to Constance, it was not in that reliant, dependent tone in which she had conversed from the date of her calamity, but in the gentle, yet superior modulation used by a lady when addressing her daughter.

Willingly, very willingly, the daughter flung herself upon the ground, and yielded up her miserable authority to her from whom she had received it.

"I knew," said Dr. Aspinwall to me, Hedrick Hargraves "I knew she was safe the moment she asked after an absent relation in a sure-toned voice. The mad never speak of the absent with certainty. She asked after a Miss Harcourt—Priscilla, I think she called her."

"So you see I was right," said I.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "hum, yes, yet I should be very sorry to say that the experiment would be infallible. It may be an exceptional case."

"And I hope," said I, "that you will find it agreeable to report this case at headquarters—the College of Surgeons."

"Why, no, no," said Aspinwall, "I'm not rich enough, or influential enough to venture to report such a case, though backed with success. You know we of the faculty are just a little prejudiced, and—"

"A little," said I, "and? What are you going to say?"

"Why, that, that as an unprofessional person made the discovery, perhaps the faculty would be none the less prejudiced on that account."

"Oh," said I, "but please to remember that as a rule, discoveries in any branch of science are frequently made by people having nothing whatever to do with it."

"Yes, yes!" said the doctor; "but the faculty are certainly prejudiced," and thus it happened that the faculty never read a report of this case, and will not unless some gentleman brings this paper under the consideration of a member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Lady Falconridge had no relapse. She was a cured woman. Dr. Aspinwall stated that if necessary he was ready to come into court and swear that he believed she had never been out of her mind, but had been suffering from a constitutional change natural to Lady Falconridge's age, and which very frequently produces similar effects to those observed in that lady.

So far my work went well.

Here was the position.

Lady Elfrida had come to Ravelin; obtained the Ravelin property by a peculiar clause in her uncle's will; she had married Sir Harold Anwald, and by the flight of Juan Cintos, she, through her husband, would possess the great Pelton estates whenever Sir Jeffrey died. I say she would possess them because almost immediately after their marriage, Sir Harold Anwald seemed to yield implicit obedience to Lady Elfrida.

I could not divorce the husband and wife—Lady Elfrida possessed Harold Anwald and would possess the Pelton estates, but I was determined she should yield up Ravelin—either of her own free will, or by the will of the law.

I wrote to her within a week of Lady Falconridge's recovery, but not till I had consulted several eminent lawyers, and obtained the very essence of their opinions, which varied very considerably, but by no means to an alarming extent.

I wrote thus:—

"MY LADY,—You possess Ravelin by reason of two weak acts—the will of the late Lord George Falconridge, and the easy acquiescence of Lady and Miss Falconridge in the opinions of the lawyers employed by them. The gentlemen engaged to give those opinions accepted for granted that which was eminently questionable. They argued upon the belief that Lady Falconridge was insane, a belief based upon the certificates to that effect bearing the signatures of two medical men, I dispute the science of those two gentlemen. They came to their conclusion on a symptom which is not accepted by the medical profession as an evidence of insanity, and which they accepted only from a printed speculative authority. I dispute their arguments against Lady Falconridge utterly. I deny that a temporary inability to recognize the reality of the world about one is a proof of absolute insanity; and I candidly inform your ladyship that if the restitution of Ravelin does not follow this communication, Lady Falconridge will commence legal proceedings at once. I write this informal letter to avoid an abominable and a public scandal."

This letter I signed after the expression of the usual courtesies. I received my answer within an hour.

"You are as mad as my aunt."

That was literally all. Those few words scratched on paper, and hastily thrust into an envelope.

CHAPTER XXI.

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE.

THE reader has so far seen little of me, but I need not say I know he has not read enough of me to know that I was not at rest after receiving the above letter.

I immediately set the lawyers to work, but unhappily the long vacation had commenced, and nothing active could be done till the following November.

Lady Falconridge and Constance left Ravelin almost immediately after the recovery of the former, and went to Pelton House, where Sir Jeffrey Pelton was heartily glad to receive them; for, from the date of the disappearance of Juan Cintos, which miserably worried him, he had been very lonely and desirous of forming a home. Happily, a coldness had arisen between Sir Jeffrey and Sir Harold shortly after the marriage of the latter, and therefore we had no fear that Elfrida would

so far work upon the baronet's feelings as to deprive her aunt of a home, though I was convinced of her capability to achieve such an end.

Her steady, calm, cold, dead opposition to Lady Falconridge's claims was terrible. She would neither temporise nor compromise, though to save a distressing publicity we were all desirous of meeting almost any proposition she might make short of retaining Ravelin. The law—that was her answer—seek your remedy in the law. She was so openly defiant that it was impossible not to admire her courage. She seemed openly to defy the doctrine of "how much?" which is so potent in obtaining so many compromises.

It was the business of my life to piece together the arguments against Lady Elfrida's power to possess Ravelin. I worked at this will of mine all day, and looking forward to each evening, passed as it was with Constance; for you have seen, have you not, already, that I loved Constance Falconridge. I did, though I am nearly double her age.

It is a good thing to love and be loved—how much better it is to love, and to raise a weight of despair from the heart of the beloved, and gently make her love you.

This is what I did. I found Constance suffering under the affliction of her mother, and the shame of Harold Anwald's desertion. It was my privilege to teach her to look upon Anwald with contempt, and to praise Heaven at the temporary curse it had placed upon her mother, since that affliction had saved her from marriage with an unworthy man, and had brought the mother and daughter nearer together than they had ever been, by all the strength of their mutual sorrows.

I was sitting in my room—busy, very busy—when a visitor came for me, one Mr. Herman. When he was shown to my room I immediately recognised him as the foreign artist who had brought the news of Elfrida's marriage to Pelton. I was utterly at a loss to comprehend his visit, for how little do we anticipate the great events of our lives. I remember that I remarked he seemed extremely well dressed for an artisan, for I had been given to understand that he was a decorator, and one of those employed by the new mistress of Ravelin to beautify the castle.

He began very abruptly.

"You hate Lady Elfrida Anwald—yes, you do. So do I?"

He spoke with a foreign, but a very beautiful accent, if such a beauty can exist.

"I am a just man," I said, "and therefore I do not love her."

"I am her husband."

Those were the very words he spoke. They formed the second sentence he uttered in my presence.

"You—an artisan—Lady Elfrida Anwald's husband," I said.

"Yes—though she will not acknowledge me."

The statement seemed so ludicrous that I smiled. The action created no corresponding effect upon my visitor, who looked very steadily at me.

"You are frightening her," he continued; "you have a greater power over her than I have, and I will help you. Do not deny you are frightening her," my visitor added rapidly, "I know it, without seeing those papers," and he pointed to my laden table.

"Listen," he added.

I bowed without a word. The singular history he told me I may condense into a few words, for it does not affect the action of my narrative. He declared himself to be the only son of the Duke and Duchess de Kœrnac, old Breton nobles. He said that he had met Elfrida under extraordinary circumstances, and had married her, totally unaware that in so doing it was illegal, owing to his being under that age (twenty-five) only beyond which marriages contracted without the consent of the bridegroom's parents, were legal. He added that he himself was willing to adhere to the marriage, but that Elfrida herself refused to accept the marriage as binding, had of her own free will informed the duke and duchess of their son's behaviour, and then coming to England had only defied him. He added that the discovery of his marriage to his parents had caused a hopeless estrangement between him and them, and then to substantiate his statement he took a case containing a couple of miniatures from his pocket, and upon the golden backs of which, as he pointed out, I found it recorded that they were the portraits of the Duke and Duchess de Kœrnac.

The moment I saw those faces I started as an idea, almost phrenetic in conception, traversed my brain.

I have a theory that every organ of the mother and father must be reproduced in the child, though so hidden in combination as to escape the eyes of casual observers, and to lead to the wide-spread belief that children have individual faces, and that likenesses to the father or mother are remarkable. For instance, though I am aware the illustration may be comic, I am ready to maintain that in the case of a father with an exceedingly ponderous jaw and large mouth, and a mother with a jaw and mouth almost a deformity in smallness, the jaw and mouth of their child, being a combination of those of both the parents, may be of medium size and perfectly beautiful.

I believe firmly that the body of the child is, so to speak, the photograph of those of the parents—I can always trace resemblances and combinations in children to their parents, if both father and mother be present. Not otherwise.

It may, therefore, easily be imagined that when I saw Anwald de Kœrnac before me, in the presence, so to speak, of his father and mother, that the moment I saw there was not an iota of resemblance between him and them, the idea flashed across my brain—what if he were not the son of the Duke and Duchess de Kœrnac. His marriage with Elfrida would then be perfectly binding and legal.

Such was my idea, and it haunted me for days—haunted me till I determined, illogical as this determination may appear, to TEST ITS VALUE.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE. — On Friday week the proof for Major Yelverton, the defender in this case, was resumed in the Justiciary Court-room, Edinburgh, before Lord Ardmillan. J. Forbes Drummond and C. Wrottesley, captain in the Staffordshire Militia, gave evidence as to their knowledge of Major Yelverton when at Leith Fort and in Edinburgh where he attended the mess regularly. He was always considered, among the officers, an unmarried man. Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, stated that he knew the Major before his marriage with Mrs. Forbes. He occasionally visited Mr. Blackwood, who always regarded him as a single man. Mr. J. T. Atkinson, Edinburgh, was examined respecting certain letters addressed to the Rev. Mr. McGhie, Rossvorvor. This closed the proof for the defender, and the Court rose.

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